

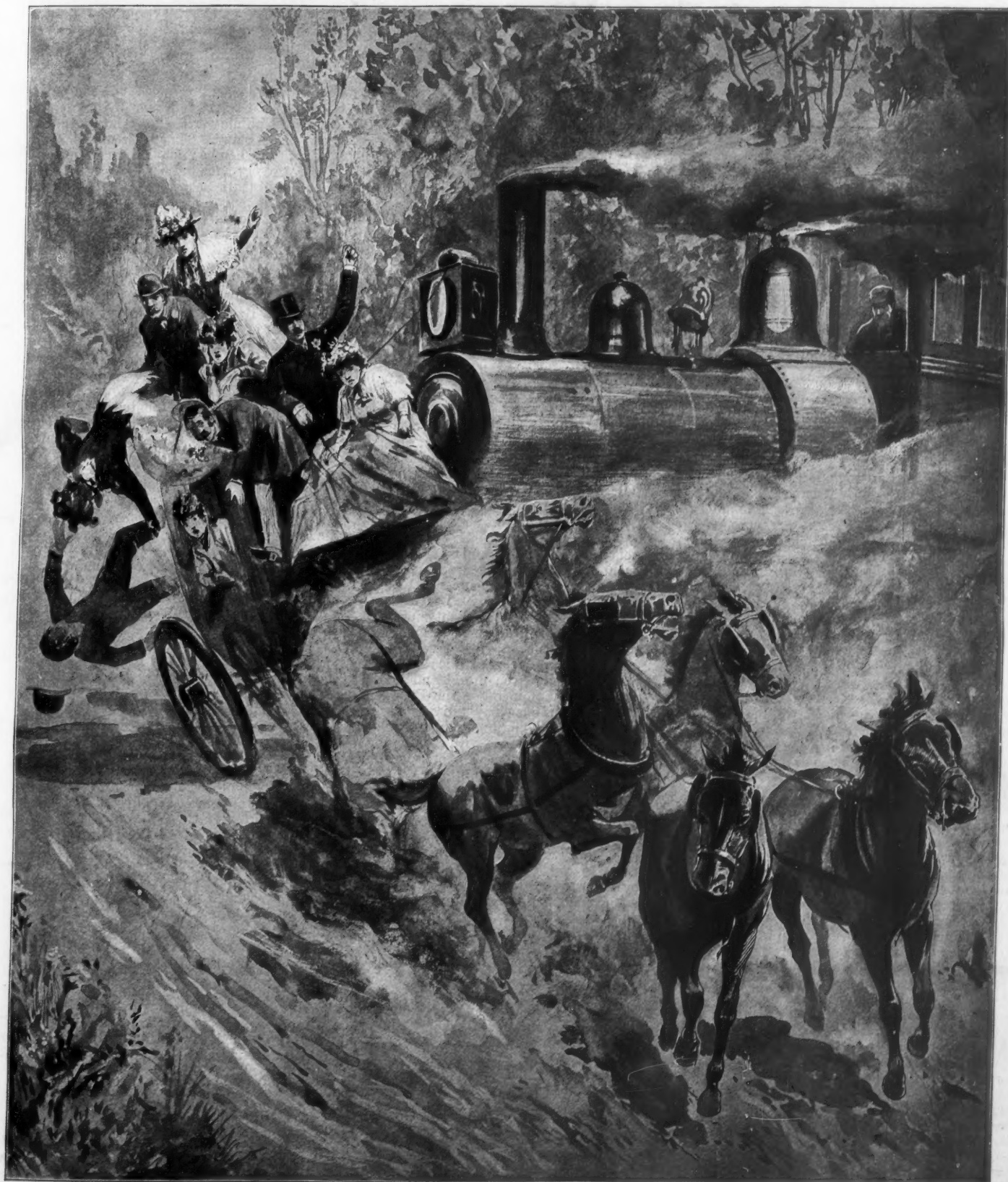
COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL

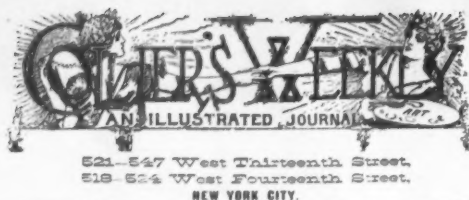
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NEW YORK, JUNE 10, 1897.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 10, 1897.

LINE OF SUCCESSION TO THE PRESIDENCY.

SOMETHING has been said of late in the daily newspapers about certain unwritten laws which are alleged to govern the succession to the Presidency. It is asserted, for example, that with a single exception Senators have failed to attain the office of Chief Magistrate, and that no Speaker of the House of Representatives, with the exception of James K. Polk, has ever had a chance of becoming President. An attempt has also been made to trace a relation between the tenure of the post of the Minister to the Court of St. James's and the occupancy of the White House. Much of the current comment on these subjects reminds one of Horace Greeley's remark, that "It is better not to know so many things than to know so many things that are not so." The truth is, of course, that at present no subordinate political position can be considered either a gateway or a barrier to the Presidency. This, however, was not always the case, and in view of the vague talk about the matter it may be interesting to review swiftly the history of the American Executives and to point out just what places had been previously held by those who have either been elected President or nominated for that office.

It is well known that the Romans had somewhat rigorous notions concerning the extent and kind of public service which ought to precede the attainment of the Consulate. As a rule, under the Republic, a citizen had to fill successively the so-called curule offices of quaestor, ædile, and prætor before becoming consul. We can see from the reports of the debates in the Philadelphia Convention, and from the *Federalist* that Roman precedents were often in the minds of our Constitution-makers, though they were less slavishly followed than by the French legislators of the revolutionary period. The authors of our Constitution seem to have expected that our Vice-President would eventually become Chief Magistrate, not only on the death, resignation, or disability of the President, but by election after the expiration of his predecessor's term. As a matter of fact, John Adams, who was Vice-President for eight years under Washington, became President by election in 1797; and Thomas Jefferson, who was Vice-President under John Adams, became President in 1801, having been chosen by the House of Representatives. After the adoption, however, of the Twelfth Amendment to the Constitution, the political importance of the Vice-Presidency was impaired, and the occupant of that office, although still heir-apparent to the Presidency

during his term, gradually ceased to be regarded as likely to be elevated to the Chief Magistracy by the suffrages of his party. Nevertheless, John C. Calhoun, who became Vice-President in 1825 under John Quincy Adams, and again in 1829 under Andrew Jackson, did for a time look forward with confidence to the Presidency, and had not his hope of that high place been blasted through the estrangement of Jackson, on account of the Eaton affair, Calhoun probably would not have become the champion of nullification. The only Vice-President since Jefferson who has been selected by the people for the Presidency was Martin Van Buren, who, having become Vice-President in Andrew Jackson's second term (1833), became President by election in 1837. The four Vice-Presidents who have since become Presidents through the deaths of their official superiors—John Tyler, Millard Fillmore, Andrew Johnson, and Chester A. Arthur—notwithstanding their fervent desire to secure by election a second term and their free use of Executive patronage to that end, failed each to obtain the nomination of his party. The truth is that the selection of each of the four for Vice-President had been largely a matter of accident, not one of them being regarded at the time by his party as of Presidential caliber. Had they been wiser, stronger, or more popular men, they would doubtless have had a different experience. Twice during the last half century have we had Vice-Presidents who commanded at least as much of their party's confidence as did their nominal superiors. We refer to George M. Dallas and to Thomas A. Hendricks. Had either of these men obtained the Presidency through the death or disability of his official chief, he would probably have secured a second term by election. We see, then, that the office of Vice-President has now no relation to the Presidency beyond that fixed by the Constitution in the event of a President's disability or death. As regards the chances of political promotion everything depends upon the man himself. When a political convention again nominates for the Vice-Presidency a public man so distinguished and so trusted as was Martin Van Buren, we may look to see him secure at a later date a nomination for the Presidency. But that will never happen so long as conventions select such men for the Vice-Presidency as Hannibal Hamlin, Schuyler Colfax, Chester A. Arthur, and Adlai E. Stevenson. In Chester A. Arthur we had a Vice-President and by accident a President, who was so far from having previously rendered any public service that he never held an elective office, and had been ejected for misconduct by his own party from the only appointive office he ever occupied, that of collector of customs at the port of New York. One would think that four out of twenty-four Presidents having died during their term of office, political conventions would have foresight enough to nominate for the Vice-Presidency, as nearly as possible, the moral and intellectual equal of the nominee for the Presidency; but not even the Whig party's disastrous experience with John Tyler, nor the Republican party's dolorous experience with Andrew Johnson, has taught conventions to exercise ordinary sagacity and caution in the matter of Vice-Presidential nominations.

From the outset of Jefferson's administration to the outbreak of the civil war it was rather the Secretary of State than the Vice-President who was looked upon as first in the order of succession to the Presidency. Jefferson himself, by the way, had been Secretary of State in Washington's first administration. His own Secretary of State was James Madison, who, on March 4, 1809, became himself occupant of the White House. Madison's Secretary of State was James Monroe, who succeeded to the Presidency in 1817. Monroe's Secretary of State was John Quincy Adams, who became President in 1825 by the choice of the House of Representatives. Martin Van Buren was Secretary of State in Jackson's first administration, and, as we have seen, became President in 1837. James Buchanan was Secretary of State in Polk's administration, and himself became President in 1857. Turning from elected Presidents to nominations for the Presidency, we recall the fact that Daniel Webster, who was Secretary of State under Harrison and Tyler, and also under Fillmore, never succeeded in securing a nomination from a national convention of his party. He did, however, once receive the electoral votes of Massachusetts. Henry Clay, on the other hand, who was Secretary of

State in the administration of John Quincy Adams, was twice afterwards the candidate of the Whig party for the Presidency; namely, in 1832 and in 1844. Lewis Cass, who was Secretary of State under Buchanan, had been the nominee of the Democracy for the Presidency in 1848. We scarcely need to add that James G. Blaine, who was Secretary of State under Garfield and Arthur, as well as under Harrison, was the nominee of the Republican party for the Presidency in 1884. The importance of the office of Secretary of State in popular esteem, and its consequent moral rank in the order of succession to the Presidency, has at last been recognized by law. We refer, of course, to the statute passed by the Forty-ninth Congress, which enacts that in case of the removal, death, resignation, or inability of both the President and Vice-President the Secretary of State shall act as President until the disability of the President or Vice-President is removed, or a President is elected. This act applies only, however, to a Secretary of State who shall have been appointed by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, and who shall be eligible under the Constitution to the Presidency. Since the enactment of that law it has become the duty of a President to select for the office of Secretary of State a man who by long and distinguished public service has secured the confidence of his party. That duty was performed by Harrison when he made Blaine Premier; but it was grossly violated by Grover Cleveland when he chose for Secretary of State, first, Walter Q. Gresham, who had always been a Republican, and, secondly, Richard Olney, who had never held an elective office, and who was utterly unknown outside of a little knot of lawyers in Boston.

One of the unfounded dicta lately circulated in the newspapers, apparently by enemies of Thomas B. Reed, is the statement that the post of Speaker of the House of Representatives is a bar to the Presidency. The only basis for this assertion is the fact that but one Speaker has become President; namely, James K. Polk. Besides Polk, however, no fewer than four Speakers have been nominated for the Presidency, and a fifth was nominated and elected Vice-President, and therefore had a chance of succeeding to the Presidency. Henry Clay, who was repeatedly chosen Speaker, was thrice a candidate for President; namely, in 1824, 1832, and 1844. John Bell, who was Speaker in 1834-35, was, in 1860, the candidate of the remnant of the Whig party for the Presidency. Nathaniel P. Banks, who was Speaker in 1856-57, was in the first named year nominated for President by the Native American or Know Nothing party, but declined the nomination. Schuyler Colfax, who was Speaker from 1863 to 1869, was, in 1868, nominated and elected Vice-President. Finally, James G. Blaine, who was Speaker from 1869 to 1875, was the Republican candidate for the Presidency in 1884. Michael C. Kerr, of Indiana, who was Speaker in 1875-76, would doubtless have been ere this a candidate for the Presidency had he lived. It will be remembered that until the Presidential succession was changed by the Forty-ninth Congress, the Speaker of the House of Representatives became President in the event of the death, resignation, or inability of the President and Vice-President.

Most ridiculous of all the current newspaper sayings on this subject is the assertion that, except in the case of James A. Garfield, no Senator ever became President. James Monroe, the fifth President, had been a United States Senator from Virginia from 1790 to 1794. John Quincy Adams, the sixth President, was elected a Senator of the United States from Massachusetts in 1803, and retained a seat until 1808. Andrew Jackson, the seventh President, was elected a Senator from Tennessee in 1797, and again in 1823. Martin Van Buren, the eighth President, became a United States Senator from New York in 1821. William Henry Harrison, the ninth President, was sent to the United States Senate from Ohio in 1824. John Tyler, the tenth President, was elected a Senator of the United States from Virginia in 1826. Franklin Pierce, the fourteenth President, had been sent to the United States Senate from New Hampshire. James Buchanan, the fifteenth President, had represented Pennsylvania with great ability in the Senate for many years before he became Polk's Secretary of State. Andrew Johnson, the seventeenth President, had come to the Senate from Tennessee in 1857.

James A. Garfield, the twentieth President, had, it is well known, been chosen a Senator from Ohio just before his nomination for the Presidency. We observe, lastly, that Benjamin Harrison had been a member of the United States Senate from Indiana before he became the twenty-third President. So much for the preposterous idea that a seat in the United States Senate blocks the pathway to the Presidency.

Another paragraph that has been going the rounds of the daily press avers that there is a certain relation between the post of Minister to the Court of St. James's and that of Chief Magistrate. Let us see just what basis there is for this notion set afloat, apparently, in the interest of Colonel Hay. John Adams represented this country in England before the Constitution went into operation, and afterward, as it is well known, became Vice-President and President. John Quincy Adams was appointed Minister to the Court of St. James's by Madison. In Jackson's first administration Martin Van Buren was appointed Minister to London, and exercised the functions of a plenipotentiary there for some months, but, the Senate having refused to confirm him, he was obliged to return. James Buchanan was Minister at the Court of St. James's during the administration of Pierce and succeeded the latter in the Presidency. We may further mention that Edward Everett, after occupying the post of American Minister in London, was nominated for Vice-President by the rump of the Whig party in 1860. That is all the ground there is for attributing any relation between the place of Minister at the Court of St. James's and the Chief Magistracy. That Abbott Laurence, John Lothrop Motley, or James Russell Lowell ever had aspirations for the Presidency is incredible. In truth the office which they held has often been given to men not possessed of the slightest personal weight in political affairs. This may be said with peculiar emphasis of the present occupant, Colonel Hay, who is undoubtedly the smallest person ever deemed worthy of representing the great American republic in the United Kingdom. He has never held an elective office, nor an appointive office of any consequence, having simply been one of Lincoln's private secretaries and a secretary of legation at Madrid. From the viewpoint of leadership he is but little fitted to rattle around in a place once filled by Lowell, Motley and Everett.

There is a State office which, for many years after our Federal Constitution went into operation, was considered one of higher honor than any National office with the exception of that of President of the United States. Indeed, Governor John Hancock, when President Washington visited Boston, was inclined to think it the duty of his guest to make the first call. We refer, of course, to the office of Governor, which, from the beginning of this century to the present hour, has been held peculiarly to qualify its tenant for the arduous and responsible functions of the Federal Chief Magistrate. President Jefferson had been Governor of Virginia. So had President Monroe. President Jackson had been Governor of Florida. President Van Buren had been Governor of New York. President William Henry Harrison had been Governor of the Territory of Indiana, when it included the present States of Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin. Appointed to that office by John Adams, he had continued to hold it under Jefferson and Madison. President Tyler had been Governor of Virginia. President Polk had been Governor of Tennessee. President Fillmore had been the unsuccessful candidate of the Whig party for Governor of New York and had subsequently been Comptroller of that State. President Johnson had been Governor of Tennessee. President Hayes had been Governor of Ohio, and Samuel J. Tilden had been Governor of New York; indeed, it was Mr. Tilden's admirable administration of the affairs of the Empire Commonwealth which made him the candidate of the Democracy for President in 1876. Had Grover Cleveland not been elected Governor of New York in 1882, he would not have had the remotest chance of receiving the Democratic nomination for the Presidency two years later. It is also certain that the nomination and election of William McKinley to the Chief Magistracy was due almost as much to the thorough and estimable way in which he had performed the duties of Governor of Ohio as to his parental relationship to the tariff act which bore his name. As time

goes on, it seems probable that the candidates of both parties for the Presidency will tend more and more to be selected from men who have proved at once their popularity and their capacity for public affairs by occupying the high office of Governor of important States, especially if these are "doubtful" in respect of their political proclivities. If, on the other hand, one is a citizen of a State relatively small from the viewpoint of area or of population, his wiser course is seemingly to waste no time upon the governorship, but to seek admission as early as possible to the Federal Legislature. The expediency of such a course has been long understood in Delaware, nor in Maine has it escaped the notice of such men as William Pitt Fessenden, Hannibal Hamlin, James G. Blaine, and Thomas B. Reed.

In the United States, as in all other republics, a military hero is certain to be a highly popular candidate, and will almost surely be successful, provided he is nominated while his exploits are fresh in the public mind, or provided his opponent be a civilian. Great offense as Washington gave by the Jay treaty to what was undoubtedly the majority of his fellow citizens, and unpopular as he became during his second administration in his native State of Virginia, he would have been unquestionably elected President for the third time, had he deemed it proper to be a candidate. It was indubitably his victory at New Orleans and not his long term of service in civil life which twice made Andrew Jackson President. It was his victory at Tippecanoe, nearly thirty years before, which helped to give William Henry Harrison the Presidency in 1840. It was because of Zachary Taylor's entire ignorance of civil affairs that Daniel Webster described his nomination as one "not fit to be made"; nevertheless, Taylor's victories at Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Buena Vista, and Monterey caused the Whig National convention to prefer him to Black Dan of Massachusetts and to Kentucky's "favorite son." Winfield Scott was, of course, a far greater general than Taylor, his triumphant march from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico having been pronounced by Wellington the greatest military achievement of the century, but when he obtained the Whig nomination for the Presidency in 1852 the memories of the Mexican War had been largely displaced in the public mind by the slavery issue, and, moreover, his opponent, Brigadier Franklin Pierce, had himself been a gallant officer in the conflict with Mexico and had been wounded at the battle of Contreras. The firm hold which Grant deservedly acquired upon the hearts of his countrymen was proved, not only by the ease with which he obtained two terms of the Presidency, but by the determined stand made in favor of a third term by over three hundred of the delegates to the Republican National Convention of 1880. Neither can there be any doubt that, had General W. T. Sherman consented to be a candidate for the Presidency in 1876, he would have easily beaten Mr. Tilden; on the other hand, Hayes would have been beaten by Tilden more decidedly than he was had he not been a meritorious officer in the war of the rebellion. As to the contest between Garfield and Hancock, it is certain that both had a good war record, but, although Hancock was by far the more distinguished soldier, there is reason to believe that many Grand Army men preferred the volunteer general to the West Pointer. Our belief is that Cleveland, who, when drafted, had sent a substitute, could have been beaten in 1884 had the Republicans pitted against him one of the heroes of the Civil War. Instead of doing that, they put up Blaine, who also had purchased a substitute; so from that point of view "honors" were easy. That Cleveland was beaten in 1888 was, beyond a doubt, owing in some measure to the fact that his opponent, Benjamin Harrison, had an excellent military record. That record did not count, however, in 1892, being thrust out of the public consciousness by the deplorable results of the Homestead riot, for which the Federal Chief Magistrate was unjustly held accountable by hundreds of thousands of laboring men. That this is the true explanation of the outcome of the 1892 election is clear from the fact that, notwithstanding a large increase of the electorate, Cleveland obtained only about the same number of votes that he got four years before; Harrison, unluckily, got more than 260,000 less than he had then received; it was the People's Party which profited by the opportunity, and, suddenly springing into exist-

ence, captured more than 1,000,000 votes. In retrospect one can see well enough that, had the Republican party in 1892 nominated McKinley, it would have been successful. For Mr. McKinley's victory in 1896 there was, of course, a concurrence of causes; but among these, even at a distance of thirty years from the Civil War, the creditable part which he took in that contest must undeniably have figured.

We see, then, that there is no fixed and paramount line of succession to the Presidency, and that there has never been more than the shadow of one in the present century since three Secretaries of State, Madison, Monroe, and John Quincy Adams, were in turn raised to the Chief Magistracy. Many and diverse are the paths which conduct to the White House; everything depends on the sagacity and the tenacity with which the pilgrim measures his steps and keeps the signboard in view. One of these paths starts beyond a question from the Speaker's chair in the House of Representatives; another from the Senate chamber; another from the Governor's mansion in any of the weighty and critical States; still another from the headquarters of a triumphant general. Thus far in American history it cannot be said that any of the highways to the Capitol starts from the quarter-deck of a man-of-war. We ourselves, however, are of the opinion that either Commodore Perry of Lake Erie fame or Admiral Farragut would have filled the country with enthusiasm and proved a successful candidate. Should we ever have a war with England, and should the American commander of a large fleet of ironclads win a tremendous victory over his British antagonists, he would, in our judgment, be as certain to be carried to the White House as Nelson at Trafalgar was sure of sleeping in St. Paul's Cathedral.

THROUGHOUT THE LAND.

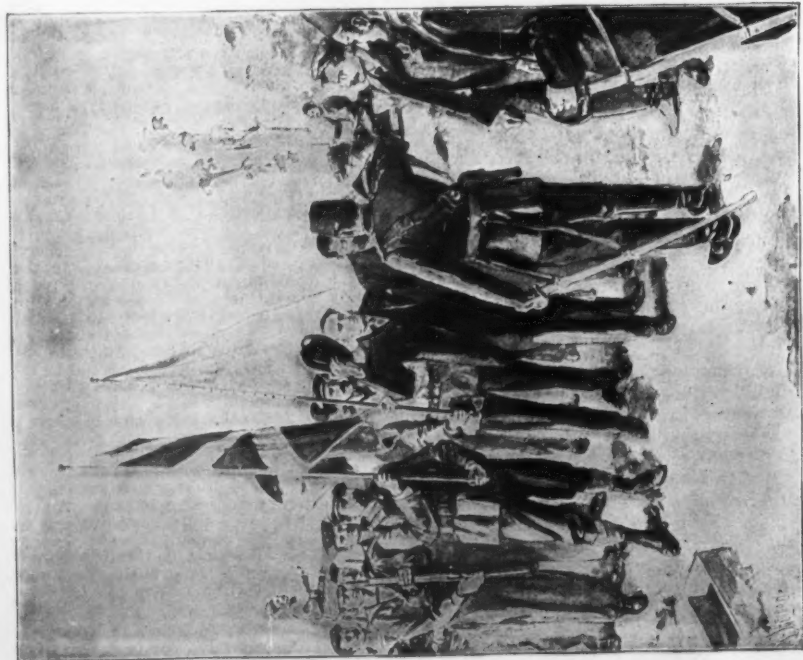
BY JOHN HABBERTON,
Author of "Helen's Babies," etc., etc.

THE largest body of capitalists in the United States—the only large body of capitalists—consists of the savings bank depositors, so the ex-Comptroller of the Treasury, Mr. Trenholm, was justified in making a recent address on the subject "The Savings Bank as a Public School of Primary Economic Instruction." It is a pleasing fact that the members of this enormous class, each of whom gets as high interest on his hundreds or thousands as the millionaire coupon-clipper obtains on his bonds, is abused only by the communists and anarchists, who on general principles abuse everybody. The number of depositors seem limited only by doubt as to the safety of the banks; in the State of New York, where savings banks are about as safe as government bonds, the depositors average almost one person to a family, and the same result would probably follow in any other States that would adopt the New York law with all its safeguards. The savings banks are the only numerous institutions that can be depended upon to lend largely on real estate; consequently there is every reason for organizing them all over the country—provided the law controlling them be good enough. The only opposing influence is the fact that individual lenders, no matter how small their capital, are quite as desirous as any "money sharks" of getting the largest possible return for their loans. Nevertheless, to deposit money in a savings bank is to become acquainted with facts, not theories, regarding borrowing and lending. The savings bank is, as Mr. Trenholm called it, a school of primary economic education; so every savings bank established is an additional precaution against the financial heresies of the dangerous class that teaches that any men should reap what other men have sown.

The projected massing at the Omaha Exposition next year of most of the uniformed militia of the United States, for general instruction, is the most sensible outing ever suggested for our citizen-soldiers. Responses by militia officers have been so general and hearty as to set at rest forever the old fiction that the militia organizations of the different States are jealous of one another. Neither is there any longer the old fear that the general government will ever call out the militia except for the protection of the whole country; regardless of much that might seem desirable and sensible in a nation with a very small army, the hundreds of reports to the War Department by regular officers who have visited or inspected (by request) the militia of many States are devoid of any suggestion that the militia should be regarded as part and parcel of the general military establishment. A regular officer in a militia camp is as unassuming and self-effacing as a clergyman in a parish other than his own, although he gladly gives advice and information when asked. For the State regiments to be encamped with several hundred professional officers and their troops would be of immense service to such of the militia as are in uniform for anything but fun. A general militia encampment would also enable troops of different States to become acquainted and compare notes—an experience which they find valuable even when they meet for only a few hours, as they did a few weeks ago while attending the Grant monument ceremonies.

If such militia as we have could in some way get a general tuning-up and compel the country to see that they mean business, they probably could get from Legislatures and Congress everything they want. They

(Continued on page 6.)



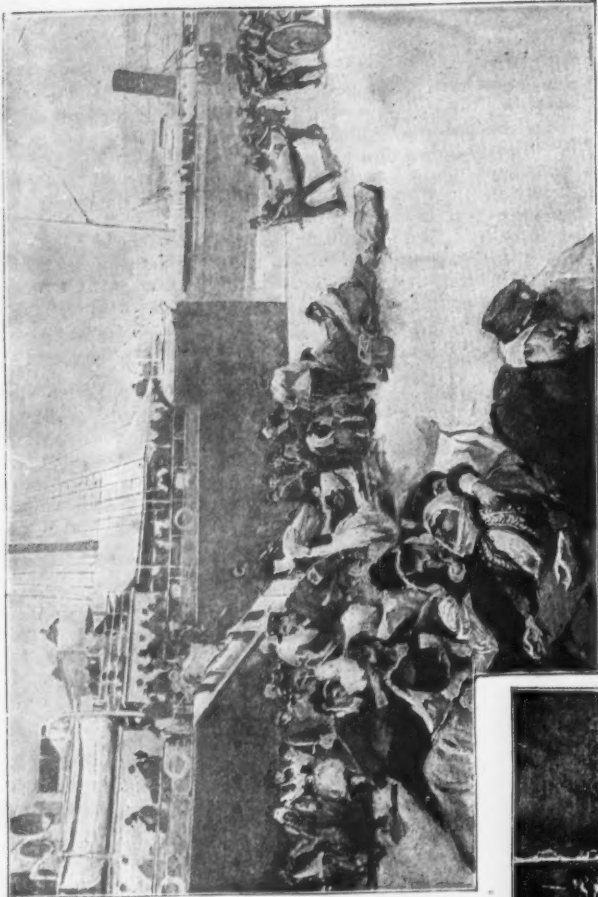
How Volo Surrendered. Preliminaries Arranged by War Correspondents



THE QUEEN OF SIAM LAYING A RAILROAD



THE BRITISH IN ABYSSINIA. RETURNING FROM DINING WITH RAS MAKONNEN



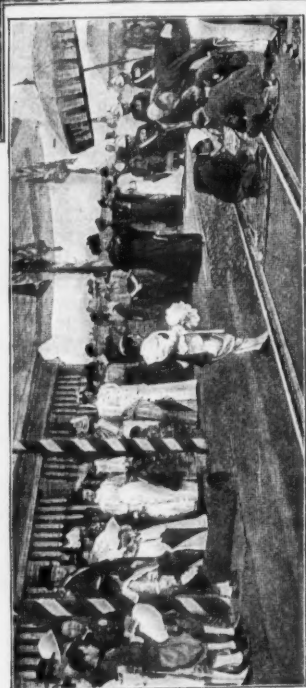
THE GREEK WOUNDED AT VOLO NURSING STAFF AT WORK



THE FIGHTING AT YELESING. REPULSE OF THE TURKISH INFANTRY AT RIZOMALO



THE BRITISH IN ABYSSINIA. NATIVES BRINGING FOOD TO THE MISSION



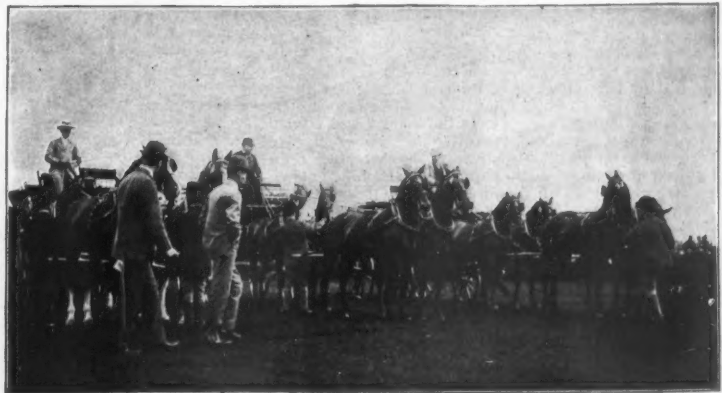
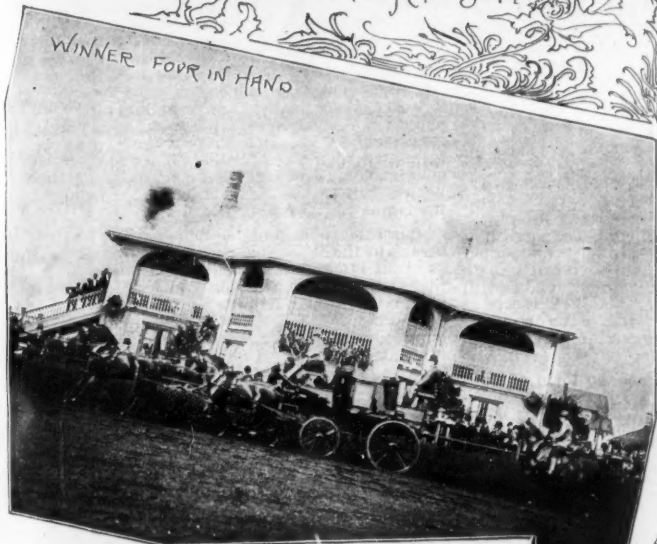
THE KING AND QUEEN OF SIAM OPENING A RAILROAD BANGKOK

SOME FOREIGN PICTURES.



IN THE GRAND STAND
WINNER FOUR IN HAND

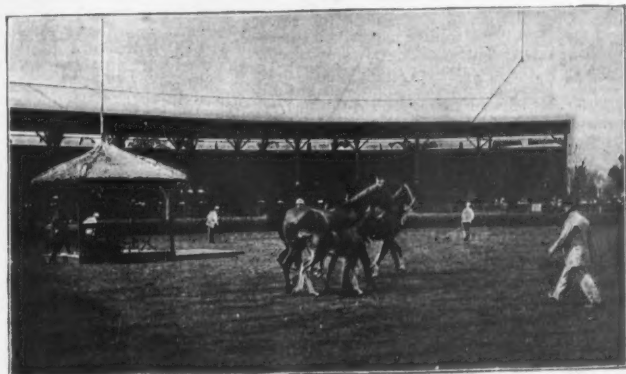
WATCHING THE RACES.



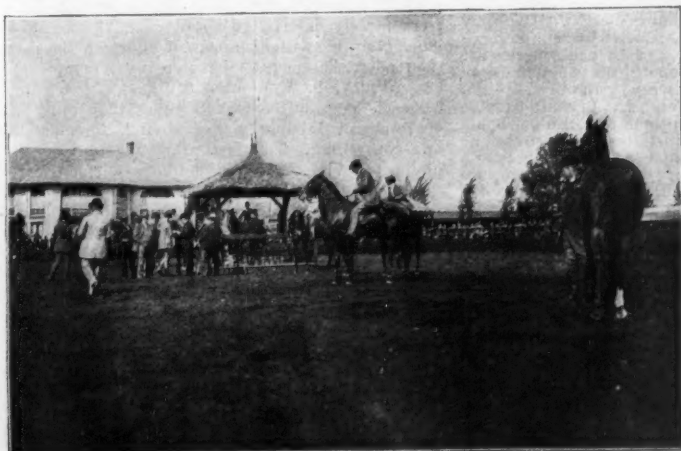
FOUR IN HAND COMPETITION



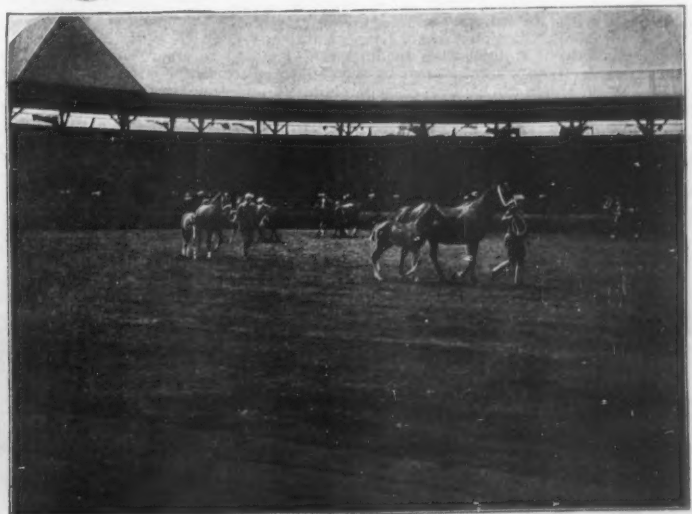
A YOUTHFUL SPORT



HACKNEY AND FOAL WINNERS



TROTTER COMPETITION



HACKNEY AND FOAL COMPETITION

THROUGHOUT THE LAND.

(Continued from page 3.)

would probably also get fuller ranks, which would be beneficial to the States and the new members. There are States and cities in which many men who would be extremely valuable as citizen soldiers believe that most young men enter the militia to wear showy clothes and have a lot of fun, and that the officers are selected and promoted according to their ability to entertain and to spend money on "the boys."

There is no truer test of the general prosperity of a nation than the degree of consumption, as necessities, of materials which other nations regard as luxuries. One of these materials is sugar. When the first English settlements in America were made, sugar was a luxury in Europe; all people but the rich went without sweets except what could be obtained from occasional beehives. Sugar is now in general use, comparatively, but nowhere else is the consumption anywhere near as great as in the United States. The entire sugar production of the world is estimated at about seven million tons annually, of which the United States consumes two million tons; in other words, one-twentieth of the people of the world consume more than one-fourth of the entire product, and the family too poor to buy a pound of sugar is about as much pitted as the man who hasn't the price of a loaf of bread. Most of us want and need much besides sugar, and we shall continue to want and need, no matter how prosperous we become; nevertheless it is encouraging as well as sensible to once in a while "take account of stock" of what we have, while striving for what we hope to get.

One of the handsomest monuments in the United States is that recently erected at West Point in memory of the regular army's soldiers who were killed, or who died of wounds, during the Civil War, and the most remarkable fact about it is that not one of the seventy-five thousand dollars which it cost was contributed by a civilian or any other "outsider." All the money was supplied by the officers and men of the regular army; no one else was asked or allowed to contribute, and the work was conducted so quietly that the country knew scarcely anything about it until the dedication ceremonies were announced for Decoration Day. The regular army was small during the war period, yet it was kept so busy that it lost more than two thousand men by shot and shell. Another admirable fact about the memorial—a fact specially worthy of emulation by projectors of battle monuments still to be erected—is that the names of all of the fallen are inscribed in bronze upon the structure—not hidden somewhere inside, where no one is likely ever to see them.

The dedication of this monument was the occasion of some utterances by the orator of the day, Justice Brewer of the Supreme Court, which should be displayed prominently on the walls of every schoolroom, workshop and counting-room in the land, and also in the bedchamber of every American boy. Speaking at West Point Justice Brewer said: "From a humble farmhouse in Ohio, through the gateways of this school, passed a modest, resolute young man to become the great commander; the present general of the army commenced life as a dry goods clerk, and a private soldier is now the President of the United States. The barefoot boy may thank God and take courage, for beneath the Stars and Stripes the future is his. This doctrine of equal rights and equal opportunities, which has always been the theory of our political and social institutions, is, notwithstanding some idle talk, still, as ever, the great fact of our life." The orator might have said further that no modern boy or man hates any portion of his work as intensely as Grant, Miles and McKinley hated slaughter, desolation and many other features of war, and that none of these three illustrious men expected to attain to the honors which finally became his. He merely did his best at the work allotted him.

Again the bicycle is catching it; the newest complainants are the clothing dealers, who say that the general use of the wheel has depressed trade. In other days, they say, the average young man could be depended upon to buy at least two spring suits, however cheap—one for Sunday and the other for every-day use—but now a bicycle suit answers the purpose of every-day clothes, many young men riding to business and wearing their wheeling suits all day. As a bicycle suit can be had at the price of a single pair of long trousers, the cause of the clothing trade complaint becomes evident. The wheel has already roused the animosity of other trades and professions; it is keeping thousands of riders so healthy that physicians' incomes are affected, and has made thousands of others too good-natured to go to law over trifles, so lawyers complain. Young men used to buy gold watches on the installment plan, but now they purchase wheels instead, by the same method; engagement rings also were often paid for in installments, but now the young woman who is willing to marry a poor young man prefers a wheel as a pledge of undying love and an assurance of frequent meetings, so a lot of jewelers have gone into the bicycle business. Musicians say that dancing has lost its popularity since wheeling became general; liquor dealers have lost many good customers, for wheeling tends to temperance and abstinence; even the smoking habit has been weakened by wheeling, and the dealers are trying to get even by selling wheels. The depressing effect of bicycling upon the horse-trade is an old story, but it is about time to expect some moaning by all kinds of car companies, for between them they are losing many thousands of fares daily through the general use of the vehicle that is independent of time-tables, stations and conductors and spares a walk at each end of a trip. The most provoking fact of the whole business—to the sufferers—is that nothing can by any possibility be done to "turn back the wheels."

A great patriotic effort has recently come to an unexpected end in the State of Georgia. A few years ago the late Henry W. Grady, the most prominent journalist in the State and a man whose utterances were quoted in every other State, made an earnest appeal for the establishing of a home for disabled Georgia veterans of the Confederate Army. A large sum of money was obtained by popular subscription, and with it was erected one of the finest buildings in the State. When the edifice was completed, however, the Legisla-

ture declined to make appropriations for its maintenance; the trustees did all in their power to secure the acceptance of the building by the State, but without success, and late in May, while the North was preparing for Decoration Day, a decree of the Superior Court of Georgia ordered the sale of the building. Georgians have quite a warm spot in their hearts for the men who fought for "The Lost Cause," but perhaps they were frightened by the experience of the North—and, indeed, the whole country—in caring for survivors of the Civil War; a single pension, or the maintenance of a single disabled veteran, is a small item, but the aggregate annual expenditure for Union army pensions and soldiers' homes exceeds by many millions the entire outlay of the enormous military force of Germany—and Georgia, like the other Southern States, pays its proportionate share of the money. So startling a lesson on an unexpected growth of expenditure is well calculated to make the most patriotic Legislature extremely cautious.

American Jews are said to scout the plan, proposed in Europe and soon to be discussed in conference in Munich, of purchasing Palestine from Turkey and re-establishing the Jewish nation in its old home. They are shrewd enough to understand that America is the one and only "Promised Land" for them and all other dispossessed races. Nevertheless, the Judaizing of their ancient land would be of immense benefit to Palestine, it would be the most civilizing influence in modern Asia, and it would probably cause the suppression or reform of the "Unspeaking Turk"—that is, if American Jews became the controlling influence of the new nation. In ancient days the Jews got the better of all Asiatics with whom they came in contact; even such nations as conquered them, by force of superior numbers, were glad afterward to let them go, for the captives were so much wiser than their captors that they worked their way to the top. There are not now in Asia Minor, Central Asia, or even in India, any native peoples equal to those of twenty or twenty-five centuries ago; on the other hand, the Jew, especially the American Jew, has improved upon his parent stock. As to Europeans in Asia, they consist only of Russians, whose ancestors were Asiatic savages for centuries after the Jews had become highly civilized. The English in Asia do not count, for they already have more than they can attend to in India, where they will remain only so long as the native races continue at odds with one another. The American Jews—the highest type of their race—are the only people who have the quality of intelligence, energy and tact that can reform and civilize all Asia that lies west of China.

Chicago's best suburban portion, the town of Pullman, has recently been formally declared by the International Hygienic Exposition to be the most perfect town in the world. How many other American towns competed for the honor is not reported, but many of the better class of European tourists have admitted that we have in America many towns which for plan, healthfulness and convenience are unequaled by any in their own countries. The picturesque old towns and villages of Europe, about which American travelers rave and of which artists make beautiful pictures, are usually badly paved, badly watered, drained and lighted, and their death rates are lamentably high. The model towns of the world are in this country, and the best are usually the newest of the class made to order near large cities, where there are no ancient landmarks, notions and nuisances to bar the march of improvement.

An interesting chapter of the history of Tennessee's very creditable Centennial Exposition could be made of the doings of the colored people of the State of New York. These people had determined that their race should make a good showing at the Exposition; they had enough energy, intelligence and shrewdness to get a share of the State appropriation in spite of great opposition from the white members of the commission, and then had enough tact and influence to "jam through" the Legislature an additional appropriation that restored the sum to the whites. Then they went to work to collect exhibits that were the work of colored people, and they succeeded so well that the Tennessee officials pronounce the New York exhibit not only the finest in the Negro building at Nashville, but say further that there are but few State exhibits in the entire Exposition that excel it. No accumulation of speeches, arguments and theories could do so much to raise the colored race in general esteem as this year of actual work by the colored people of a single State.

The origin of the native races of North America is in a fair way of being discovered if the report is true that Chinese inscriptions have been found on a rock in Mexico by a member of the Mexican Society of Geography and Statistics. Family resemblances between the Mexican Indians, our own and those of British America are so numerous that no one has doubted the common origin of all the so-called redskins, who, by the way, are not red but yellow, or yellowish-brown, like all Chinese who live out-of-doors. That people from China should have crossed the Pacific centuries ago will astonish no one who has seen Chinese sailors afloat; for not even the Scandinavians, of the race of the Norsemen, are more skillful under wind and sail. Still, before the theory is fully accepted it would be well to get a translation of the reported inscriptions; Chinamen in foreign lands are great rammers, and quite as adept as tramps in leaving information and warning for those who may follow them. Even in Mexico there are Chinese laundries in search of business openings.

A plan is afoot for a general movement of Populists to the State of Texas, and the entire country, as well as Texas itself, can afford to wish it well. There is no better soil and climate in the world than can be found in many portions of our great Southwestern State, nor does any State, except perhaps California, so liberally protect its homesteads against actions at law. This generosity of exemption makes it hard for the average Texan to borrow money, but even this is a blessing in disguise to most men, for it impels them to make the most of what they have instead of lounging while hoping for the use of other men's money. The staple crops of Texas are easily sold for cash, and the shipping facilities have been greatly improved in recent years. As to politics, the State already has a Populist majority, so the new settlers will be in the camp of their friends,

while the majority of some other States will be glad to have them go. A plan that suits everybody ought to succeed.

The most cheering indication of the coming of the financial reform for which most of us are impatiently waiting is the recent deliverance of the Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Gage is not a political theorist, but a prominent, practical and successful banker, and it could not have been without authority that he said in his speech, "If any of you harbor the suspicion that the administration, but just now installed into the responsibilities of high office, has forgotten or is likely to forget the mandate of the people, whose voice in behalf of honest money and sound finances rang out loud and clear in November last, put that suspicion aside. It is unjust and unfounded. In good time and in proper order the affirmative evidences of my declaration will appear." Until that time it will be well to remember, with hope, that the present administration is unusually well equipped on financial questions, for in addition to a practical banker the Cabinet contains Mr. Sherman, who has had more experience than any other living man in our national finances, and is too old to cherish any other political ambition than to leave behind him an enduring reputation.

It is reported that the steel tubing business of the United States, which is enormous in itself and controls some valuable patents, is about to pass into the hands of an English syndicate. Should the deal be consummated there will be no need for patriotic Americans to lie awake nights in fear of foreign domination. Several other great business interests have passed into foreign hands, but somehow they have failed to remain there. There is a homely old New England story that is to the point: Old Squire Jones, of a Massachusetts county, had a farm so profitable that many enterprising men coveted it; one of them finally purchased it and afterward complained of the smallness of his profit, upon which a listener replied, "Your trouble is that when you got the farm you didn't get Squire Jones too." American energy and inventive genius may always be depended upon to get the better of any monopoly projected by foreigners—or by Americans, either.

Careful estimates of the damage done by the recent breaks in the Mississippi River levees fix the total loss at about fifteen million dollars; this does not include the great destruction of sugar and cotton crops by last week's break near Baton Rouge, La., nor does it take any account of the loss of life or of the time lost by the enforced idleness of many thousands of people in the inundated districts. One result of the overflows has been to establish the fact that the levees built by the government are stronger than those erected by the States and districts. Some of the States have long wished to turn their entire levee systems over to the general government, and were the others to follow their example it would be possible to have a general system of control for the river, to the increasing benefit of the entire Mississippi Valley, and at no greater expense than the present complication of methods. Perhaps then the government would be oftener reminded of the necessity of preserving the forests at the headwaters of the stream and its tributaries.

OUR SUPPLEMENT.

"A Voyage of Consolation,"

By SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

The story commencing in this issue of the Supplement to the WEEKLY is "A Voyage of Consolation," by Sara Jeannette Duncan, author of "The American Girl in London," and one of the really first-class writers who in modern times have helped to develop the society novel, at its best, into the great prominent feature of end-of-the-century literature. "A Voyage of Consolation," in common with most of the novels by this author, is of special and peculiar interest to American readers, owing to the fair and appreciative delineation of American characters, and to its intelligent interpretation of American feeling and sentiment as manifested when they come in contact with Europeans at home. The new serial for the WEEKLY is an unusually fine and readable summer novel; so pleasant and clear and free from merely descriptive details that the scenes and incidents glide without apparent effort on the part of the reader, chapter after chapter, into a complete picture—a moving, well-ordered drama, in which the dramatis personæ come and go as they must in an environment absolutely real, living, force-breathing and compelling. This is the highest function of the high-art novel—to force the human elements of the "business" through from the first chapter to the last, without working the puppet shrugs of artificiality, without "mystery," without insistent taxing of the reader's credulity. In "A Voyage of Consolation" Sara Jeannette Duncan tells a story of pleasing interest that will be recognized at once as new and true, natural and artistic, rapid in movement, and a restful tonic to the imagination and the fancy. New subscribers who happen to miss the first installments of this serial, should give us early notice, so we can supply them without unnecessary delay.

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Edgar Saltus, Edgar Fawcett, Julian Hawthorne and John Habberton will hereafter constitute the main body of COLLIEN'S WEEKLY. The Fiction Supplement will provide, in addition to choice selections of Short Stories, a Complete Novel continued through four installments. The present issue of the Supplement contains the initial chapters of a novel by Sara Jeannette Duncan, entitled "A VOYAGE OF CONSOLATION"; it will be followed by "The Private Life of the Queen," and will be succeeded by a powerful novel from Sir Walter Besant. The editorial and other departments of the WEEKLY are furnished by some of the foremost living writers, the fiction appearing in the Supplement will be the work of the best novelists of the day, and the illustrations will be on a par with both. These features are exclusive, and unobtainable in any other periodical in the world.

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A VOYAGE OF CONSOLATION,

By SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN, (MRS. EVERARD COTTE).

CHAPTER I.

It seems inexcusable to remind the public that one has written a book. Poppa says I ought not to feel that way about it—that he might just as well be shy about referring to the baking soda that he himself invented—but I do, and it is with every apology that I mention it. I once had such a good time in England that I printed my experiences, and at the very end of the volume it seemed necessary to admit that I was engaged to Mr. Arthur Greenleaf Page, of Yale College, Columbia. I remember thinking this was indiscreet at the time, but I felt compelled to bow to the requirements of fiction. I was my own heroine, and I had to be disposed of. There seemed to be no alternative. I did not wish to marry Mr. Mafferton, even for literary purposes, and Peter Corke's suggestion, that I should cast myself overboard in mid-ocean at the mere idea of living anywhere out of England for the future, was autobiographically impossible even if I had felt so disposed. So I committed the indiscretion. In order that the world might be assured that my heroine married and lived happily ever afterward, I took it prematurely into my confidence regarding my intention! The thing that occurred, as naturally and inevitably as the rain if you leave your umbrella at home, was that within a fortnight after my return to Chicago my engagement to Mr. Page terminated; and the even more painful consequence is that I cannot allow the public to remain under the impression that I have become Mrs. Page, when, so far as I am aware, nothing of the kind is likely to happen.

Even an American man has his lapses into unreasonableness. Arthur especially encouraged the idea of my going to England on the ground that it would be so formative. He said that to gaze upon the headman's block in the Tower was in itself a liberal education. As we sat together in the drawing-room—mamma and poppa always preferred the sitting-room when Arthur was there—he used to gild all our future with the culture which I should acquire by actual contact with the hoary traditions of Great Britain. He advised me earnestly to disembark at Liverpool in a receptive and appreciative, rather than a critical and antagonistic state of mind, to endeavor to assimilate all that was worth assimilating over there, remembering that this might give me as much as I wanted to do in the time. I remember he expressed himself rather finely about the only proper attitude for Americans visiting England being that of magnanimity, and about the claims of kinship, only once removed, to our forbearance and affection. He put me on my guard, so to speak, about only one thing, and that was spelling. American spelling, he said, had become national, and attachment to it ranked next to patriotism. Such words as "color," "program," "center," had obsolete English forms which I could only acquire at the sacrifice of my independence, and the surrender of my birthright, to make such improvements upon the common language as I thought desirable. And I know that I was at some inconvenience to mention "color," "program," and "center" in several of my letters, just to assure Mr. Page that my orthography was not in the least likely to be undermined.

Indeed, I took his advice at every point. I hope I do not presume in asking you to remember that I did. I know I was receptive, even to penny buns, and sometimes simply wild with appreciation. I found it as easy as possible to subdue the critical spirit, even in connection with things which I should never care to approve of. I shook hands with Lord Mafferton without the slightest personal indignation with him for being a peer, and remember thinking that if he had been a duke I should have had just the same charity for him. Indeed, I was sorry, and am still sorry, that during the four months I spent in England I didn't meet a single duke. This is less surprising than it looks, as they are known to be very scarce, and at least a quarter of a million Americans visit Great Britain every year; but I should like to have known one or two. As it was, four or five knights—knights are very thick—one baronet, Lord Mafferton, one marquis—but we had no conversation—one colonel of militia, one Lord Mayor, and a Horse Guard, rank unknown, comprise my acquaintance with the aristocracy. A duke or so would have completed the set. And the magnanimity which I would so willingly have stretched to include a duke, spread itself over other British institutions as amply as Arthur could have wished. When I saw things in Hyde Park on Sunday that I was compelled to find excuses for, I thought of the tyrant's iron heel; and when I was obliged to overlook the superiorities of the titled great, I reflected upon the difficulty of walking in iron heels without inconveniencing a prostrate population. I should defy anybody to be more magnanimous than I was.

As to the claims of kinship, only once removed, to our forbearance and affection, I never so much as sat out a dance on a staircase with Oddie Pratte without recognizing them.

It seems almost incredible that Arthur should not have been gratified, but the fact remains that he was not. Any one could see, after the first half-hour, that he was not. During the first half-hour it is, of course, impossible to notice anything. We had sunk to the level of generalities when I happened to mention Oddie.

"He had darker hair than you have, dear," I said, "and his eyes were blue. Not sky-blue, or china-blue, but a kind of sea-blue on a cloudy day. He had rather good eyes," I added reminiscently.

"Had he?" said Arthur.

"But your noses," I went on reassuringly, "are not to be compared with each other."

"Oh!" said Arthur.

"He was so impulsive!" I couldn't help smiling a

little at the recollection. "But for that matter they all were."

"Impulsive?" asked Arthur.

"Yes. Ridiculously so. They thought as little of proposing as of asking one to dance."

"Ah!" said Arthur.

"Of course, I never accepted any of them, even for a moment. But they had such a way of taking things for granted. Why one man actually thought I was engaged to him!"

"Really?" said Arthur. "May I inquire—"

"No, dear," I replied. "I think not. I couldn't tell anybody about it—for his sake. It was all a silly mistake. Some of them," I added thoughtfully, "were very stupid."

"Judging from the specimens that find their way over here," Arthur remarked. "I should say there was plenty of room in their heads for their brains."

Arthur was sitting on the other side of the fireplace and by this time his expression was aggressive. I thought his remark unnecessarily caustic, but I did not challenge it.

"Some of them were stupid," I repeated, "but they were nearly all nice." And I went on to say that what Chicago people as a whole thought about it I didn't know and I didn't care, but so far as my experience went the English were the loveliest nation in the world.

"A nation like a box of strawberries," Mr. Page suggested, "all the big ones on top, all the little ones at the bottom."

"That doesn't matter to us," I replied cheerfully. "We never get any further than the top. And you'll admit there's a great tendency for little ones to shake down. It's only a question of time. They've had so much time in England. You see the effects of it everywhere!"

"Not at all. By no means. Our little strawberries rise," he declared.

"Do they? Dear me, so they do. I suppose the American law of gravity is different. In England they would certainly smile at that."

Arthur said nothing, but his whole bearing expressed a contempt for puns.

"Of course," I said, "I mean the loveliest nation after Americans."

I thought he might have taken that for granted. Instead, he looked incredulous and smiled, in an observing, superior way.

"Why do you say 'after'?" he asked. His tone was sweetly acridulated.

"Why do you say 'after'?" I replied simply.

"Because," he answered, with quite unnecessary emphasis, "in the part of the world I come from everybody says it. Because my mother has brought me up to say it."

"Oh," I said, looking at the lamp, "they say it like that in other parts of the world, too. In Yorkshire—and such places. As far as mothers go, I must tell you that mamma approves of my pronunciation. She likes it better than anything else I have brought back with me—even my tailor-mades—and thinks it wonderful that I should have acquired it in the time."

"Don't you think you could remember a little of your good old American? Doesn't it seem to come back to you?"

All the Wicks hate sarcasm, especially from those they love, and I certainly had not outgrown my fondness for Mr. Page at this time.

"It all came back to me, my dear Arthur," I said, "the moment you opened your lips!"

At that not only Mr. Page's features and his shirt-front, but his whole personality, seemed to stiffen. He sat up and made an outward movement on the seat of his chair which signified "My hat and overcoat are in the hall and if you do not at once retract—"

"Rather than allow anything to issue from them which would imply that I was not an American I would keep them closed forever," he said.

"You needn't worry about that," I observed. "Nothing ever will. But I don't know why we should glory in talking through our noses." Involuntarily I played with my engagement ring, slipping it up and down, as I spoke.

Arthur rose with an expression of tolerant amusement—entirely forced—and stood by the fireplace. He stood beside it, with his elbow on the mantel-piece, not in front of it with his legs apart, and I thought with a pang how much more graceful the American attitude was.

"Have you come back to tell us that we talk through our noses?" he asked.

"I don't like being called an Anglomaniac," I replied, dropping my ring from one finger to another. Fortunately I was sitting in a rocking-chair—the only one I had not been able to persuade mamma to have taken out of the drawing-room. The rock was a considerable relief to my nerves.

"I knew that the cockneys on the other side were fond of inventing fictions about what they are pleased to call the 'American accent,'" continued Mr. Page, with a scorn which I felt in the very heels of my shoes, "but I confess I thought you too patriotic to be taken in by them."

"Taken in by them" was hard to bear, but I thought if I said nothing at this point we might still have a peaceful evening. So I kept silence.

"Of course, I speak as a mere product of the American Constitution—a common unit of the democracy," he went on, his sentences gathering wrath as he rolled them out; "but if there were such a thing as an American accent, I think I've lived long enough, and patronized this little Union of ours extensively enough, to hear it by this time. But it appears to be necessary to reside

four months in England, mixing freely with earls and countesses, to detect it."

"Perhaps it is," I said, and I may have smiled.

"I should hate to pay the price."

Mr. Page's tone distinctly expressed that the society of earls and countesses would be, to him, contaminating.

Again I made no reply. I wanted the American accent to drop out of the conversation, if possible, but Fate had willed it otherwise.

"I say, y'know, awfully hard luck you're havin' to settle down amongst these barbarians again, bai Jove!"

I am not quite sure that it's a proper term for use in a book, but by this time I was mad. There was criticism in my voice, and a distinct chill, as I said composedly, "You don't do it very well."

I did not look at him. I looked at the lamp, but there was that in the air which convinced me that we had arrived at a crisis.

"I suppose not. I'm not a marquis, nor the end man at a minstrel show, I'm only an American, like sixty million other Americans, and the language of Abraham Lincoln is good enough for me. But I suppose I, like the other sixty million, emit it through my nose!"

"I should be sorry to contradict you," I said.

Arthur folded his arms and gathered himself up until he appeared to taper from his stem like a florist's bouquet, and all the upper part of him was pink and trembling with emotion. Arthur may one day attain corpulence; he is already well rounded.

"I need hardly say," he said majestically, "that when I did myself the honor of proposing, I was under the impression that I had a suitable larynx to offer you."

"You see I didn't know," I murmured, and by accident I dropped my engagement ring, which rolled upon the carpet at his feet. He stooped and picked it up.

"Shall I take this with me?" he asked, and I said, "By all means."

That was all.

I gave ten minutes to reflection and to the possibility of Arthur's coming back and pleading, on his knees, to be allowed to restore that defective larynx. Then I went straight upstairs to the telephone and rang up the Central office. When they replied "Hello," I said, in the moderate and concentrated tone which we all use through telephones, "Can you give me New York?"

Poppa was in New York, and in an emergency poppa and I always turn to one another. There was a delay, during which I listened attentively, with one eye closed—I believe it is the sign of an unbalanced intellect to shut one eye when you use the telephone, but I needn't go into that—and presently I got New York. In a few minutes more I was accommodated with the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

"Mr. T. P. Wick, of Chicago," I demanded.

"Is his room Number 62?"

That is the kind of mind which you usually find attached to the New York end of a trans-American telephone. But one does not bandy words across a thousand miles of country with a hotel clerk, so I merely responded:

"Very probably."

There was a pause, and then the still small voice came again.

"Mr. Wick is in bed at present. Anything important?"

I reflected that while I in Chicago was speaking to the hotel clerk at half-past nine o'clock, the hotel clerk in New York was speaking to me at eleven. This in itself was enough to make our conversation disjointed.

"Yes," I responded, "it is important. Ask Mr. Wick to get out of bed."

Sufficient time elapsed to enable poppa to put on his clothes and come down to the elevator, and then I heard:

"Mr. Wick is now speaking."

"Yes, poppa," I replied, "I guess you are. Your old American accent comes singing across in a way that no member of your family would ever mistake. But you needn't be stiff about it. Sorry to disturb you."

Poppa and I were often personal in our intercourse. I had not the slightest hesitation in mentioning his American accent.

"Hello, Mamie. Don't mention it. What's up? House on fire? Water pipes burst? Strike in the kitchen? Sound the alarm—send for the plumber—raise Gladys's wages and sack Marguerite."

"My engagement to Mr. Page is broken. Do you get me? What do you suggest?"

I heard a whistle, which I cannot express in words, and then, confidentially:

"You don't say so! Bad break?"

"Very," I responded firmly.

"Any details of the disaster available? What?"

"Not at present," I replied, for it would have been difficult to send them by telephone.

I could hear poppa considering the matter at the other end. He coughed once or twice and made some indistinct inquiries of the hotel clerk. Then he called my attention again.

"Hello!" he said. "On to me? All right. Go abroad. Always done. Paris, Venice, Florence, Rome, and the other places. I'll stand in. 'Germanio' sails Wednesdays. Start by night train to-morrow. Bring mamma. We can get 'Germanio' in good shape and ten minutes to spare. Right?"

"Right," I responded, and hung up the handle. I did not wish to keep poppa out of bed any longer than was necessary, he was already up so much later than I was. I turned away from the instrument to go downstairs again, and there, immediately behind me, stood mamma.

"Well, really!" I exclaimed. It did not occur to me that the privacy of telephonic communication between Chicago and New York was not inviolable. Besides,

there are moments when one feels a little annoyed with one's mamma for having so lightly undertaken one's existence. This was one of them. But I decided not to express it.

"I was only going to say," I remarked, "that if I had shrieked it would have been your fault."

"I knew everything," said mamma, "the minute I heard him shut the gate. I came up immediately, and all this time, dear, you've been confiding in us both. My dear daughter."

Mamma carries about with her a wellspring of sentiment, which she did not bequeath to me. In that respect I take almost entirely after my other parent.

"Very well," I said, "then I won't have to do it again."

Her look of disappointment compelled me to speak with decision. "I know what you would like at this juncture, mamma. You'd like me to get down on the floor and put my head in your lap and weep all over your new brocade. That's what you'd really enjoy. But, under circumstances like these, I never do things like that. Now the question is, can you get ready to start for Europe to-morrow night, or have you a headache coming on?"

Mamma said that she expected Mrs. Judge Simmons to tea to-morrow afternoon, that she hadn't been thinking of it, and that she was out of nerve tincture. At least, these were her principal objections. I said, on mature consideration, I didn't see why Mrs. Simmons shouldn't come to tea, that there were twenty-four hours for all necessary thinking, and that a gallon of nerve tincture, if required, could be at her disposal in ten minutes.

"Being Protestants," I added, "I suppose a convent wouldn't be of any use to us—what do you think?"

Mamma thought she could go.

There was no need for hurry, and I attended to only one other matter before I went to bed. That was a communication to the "Herald," which I sent off in plenty of time to appear in the morning. It was addressed to the Society Editor, and ran as follows:

"The marriage arranged between Professor Arthur Greenleaf Page, of Yale University, and Miss Mamie Wick, of 1453 Lakeside Avenue, Chicago, will not take place. Mr. and Mrs. Wick and Miss Wick sail for Europe on Wednesday by S.S. 'Germanic.'"

I reflected, as I closed my eyes, that Arthur was a regular reader of the "Herald."

CHAPTER II.

WE met poppa on the "Germanic" gangway, his hat on the back of his head and one finger in each of his waistcoat pockets, an attitude which, with him, always betokens concern. The vessel was at that stage of departure when the people who have been turned off are feeling injured that it should have been done so soon, and apparently only the weight of poppa's personality on its New York end kept the gangway out. As we drove up he appeared to lift his little finger and three disheveled navigators darted upon the cab. They and we and our trunks swept up the gangway together, which immediately closed behind us, under the direction of an extremely irritated-looking chief officer. We reunited as a family, as well as we could in connection with uncoiled ropes and ship discipline. Then poppa, with his watch in his hand, exclaimed reproachfully, well in hearing of the chief officers, "I gave you ten minutes and you had ten minutes. You stopped at Macy's for candy, I'll lay my last depreciated dollar on it."

My other parent looked guiltily at some oblong boxes tied up in white paper with narrow red ribbon, which, innocently enough I consider, enhance the value of life to us both. But she ignored the charge—mamma hates arguments.

"Dear me!" she said, as the space widened between us and the docks. "So we are all going to Europe together this morning! I can hardly realize it. Farewell, America! How interesting life is."

"Yes," replied poppa. "And now I guess I'd better show you your cabins before it gets any more interesting."

We had a calm evening, though nothing would induce mamma to think so, and at ten o'clock Senator J. P. Wick and I were still pacing the deck talking business. The moon rose, and threw Arthur's shadow across our conversation, but we looked at it with precision and it moved away. That is one of poppa's most comforting characteristics, he would as soon open his bosom to a shotgun as to a confidence. He asked for details through the telephone merely for bravado. As a matter of fact, if I had begun to send them he would have rung off the connection and said it was an accident. We dipped into politics, and I told the Senator that while I considered his speech on the Silver Compromise a credit to the family on the whole, I thought he had let himself out somewhat unnecessarily at the expense of the British nation.

"We are always twisting a tail," I said reproachfully. "that does nothing but wag at us."

Which poppa reluctantly admitted with the usual reference to the Irish vote. We both hoped sincerely that any English friends who saw that speech and paused to realize that the orator was a parent of mine, would consider the number of Irish resident in Illinois, and the amount of invective which their feelings require. Poppa doesn't really know sometimes whether he is himself or a shillalah, but whatever his temporary political capacity he is never ungrateful. He went on to give me the particulars of his interview with President Cleveland about the Chicago Post-Office—poppa says that his admiration for Cleveland is the one political crime for which he can't manage to forgive himself—and then I gradually unfolded my intention of preparing our foreign experiences as a family for publication in book form. While I was unfolding it poppa eyed me askance.

"Is that usual?" he inquired.

"Very usual, indeed," I replied.

"I mean—under the circumstances?"

"Under what circumstances?" I demanded boldly. I knew that nothing would induce him to specify them.

"Oh, I only meant—it wasn't exactly my idea."

"What was your idea—exactly?" It was mean of me to put poppa to the blush, but I had to define the situation.

"Oh," said he, with unlooked-for heroism, "I was basing my calculations with reference to you on the distractions of change—Paris dry-goods, rowing round Venice in gondolas, rising through the St. Gothard tunnel, and the healing hand of time. I don't intend to give a day less than six weeks to it. I'm looking forward to the tranquilizing effect of the antique some myself," he added, hedging. "I find these new self-risers that we've undertaken to carry almost more than my temperament can stand. They went up from five hundred to six hundred and fifty thousand pounds, and back again inside seven days last month. I'm looking forward to examining something that hasn't moved for a couple of thousand years with considerable pleasure."

"Poppa," said I, ignoring the self-risers, "if you were as particular about the quality of your fiction as you are about the quality of your table-butter, you would know that the best heroines never have recourse to such measures. They are simply obsolete. Except for my literary intention, I should be ashamed to go to Europe at all—under the circumstances. But that, you see, brings the situation up to date. I transmit my European impressions through the prism of damaged Affection. Nothing could be more modern."

"I see," replied poppa, rubbing his chin searchingly, which is his manner of expressing sagacious doubt. His beard descends from the lower part of his chin in the long unfettered American manner, without which it is impossible for "Punch" to indicate a citizen of the United States. When he positively disapproves he pulls it severely.

"But Europe's been done before, you know," he continued. "In fact, I don't know any continent more popular than Europe with people that want to publish books of travel. It's been done before."

"Never," I rejoined, "in connection with you, poppa!"

Poppa removed his hand from his chin.

"Oh, if I'm to assist, that's quite another anecdote," he said briskly. "I didn't understand you intended to ring me in. Of course, I don't mean to imply there is any special prejudice against books of travel in Europe. About how many pages did you think of running it to?"

"My idea was three hundred," I replied.

"And how many words to a page?"

"Two hundred and fifty—more or less."

"That's seventy-five thousand words! Pretty big undertaking, if you look at it in the bulk."

"We shall have to rely upon mamma," I remarked.

Poppa's expression disparaged the idea, and he began to feel round for his beard.

"If I were you," he said, "I wouldn't place much dependence on mamma. She'll be able to give you a few hints on sunsets and a pointer or two about the various Venuses likely—she's had photographs of several of them in the house for years—but I expect it's going to be a question of historical fact pretty often, and mamma won't be in it. Not that I want to choke mamma off," he continued, "but she will necessitate a whole reference library. And in some parts of Europe I believe they charge you for every pound of luggage, including your lunch, if you don't happen to have concealed it in your person."

"We'll have to pin her down to the guide-books," I remarked.

"That depends. I've always understood that the guide-book market was largely controlled by Mr. Murray and Mr. Baedeker. Also, that Mr. Murray writes in a vein of pretty lofty sentiment, while Mr. Baedeker is about as interesting as a directory. Now where the right emotion is included at the price I don't see the use of mamma, but when it's a question of Baedeker we might turn her on. See?"

"Poppa," I replied with emotion, "you will both be invaluable. I will bid you good-night. I believe the electric light burns all night long in the smoking-cabin, but that is not supposed to indicate that gentlemen are expected to stay there till dawn. I see you have two Havanas left. That will be quite enough for one evening. Good-night, poppa."

CHAPTER III.

ALL the way across mamma implored me to become reconciled to Arthur. In extreme moments, when it was very choppy, she composed telegrams on lines which were to drive him wild with contrition without compromising his dignity; and when I suggested the difficulty of tampering with the Atlantic cable in mid-ocean without a diving machine, she wept, hinting that, if I were a true daughter of hers, things would never have come to such a pass. My position, from a filial point of view, was most trying. I could not deny my responsibility for mamma's woes—she never left her cabin—yet I was powerless to put an end to them. Young women in novels have thrown themselves into the arms of the wrong man under far less parental pressure, but although it was indeed the hour the man was not available. Neither, such was the irony of circumstances, would our immediate union have affected the motion in the slightest degree. But, although I presented these considerations to mamma many times a day, she adhered so persistently to the idea of promoting a happy reunion that I was obliged to keep a very careful eye on the possibility of surreptitious messages from Liverpool. Once on dry land, however, mamma saw her duty in another light. I might say that she swallowed her principles with the first meal she really enjoyed, after which she expressed her conviction that it was best to let the dead past bury its dead, so long as the obsequies did not necessitate her immediate return to America.

I was looking forward immensely to observing the Senator in London, remembering the effect it had upon my own wild Western imagination; but on our arrival he conducted himself in a manner which can only be described as non-committal. He went about with his hands in his pockets, smoking large cigars with an air of reserved criticism that vastly impressed the waiters, acquiescing in strawberry jam for breakfast, for example, in a manner which said that, although this might be to him a new and complex custom, he was acquainted with Chicago ones much more reconcile. His air was superior, but modestly so, and if he said nothing you would never suppose it was because he had nothing to say. He meant to give Great Britain a chance before he pronounced anything distinctly un-

favorable even to her steaks, and in the meantime, to remember what an up-to-date American owes to his country's reputation in the hotels of a foreign town. He was very much at his ease, and I saw him looking at a couple of just introduced Englishmen embarking in conversation, as if he wondered what could possibly be the matter with them. I am sorry that I can't say as much for my other parent, but before monarchical institutions mamma weakened. She had moments of terrible indecision as to how to do her hair, and I am certain it was not a matter of indifference to her that she should make a good impression upon the head butler. Also, she hesitated about examining the mounted guardsman on duty at Whitehall, preferring to walk past with a casual glance, as if she were accustomed to see things quite as wonderful every day at home, whereas nothing to approach it has ever existed in America, except in the imagination of Mr. Barnum, and he is dead. And shopwalkers patronized her. I congratulated myself sometimes that I was there to assert her dignity.

I must be permitted to generalize in this way about our London experiences, because they only lasted a day and a half, and it is impossible to get many particulars into that space. It was really a pity we had so little time. Nothing would have been more interesting than to bring mamma into contact with the Poets' Corner, or introduce poppa to the House of Lords, and watch the effect. I am sure, from what I know of my parents, that the effect would have been crisp. But we decided that six weeks was not too much to give to the Continent, also that an opportunity, six weeks long, of absorbing Europe is not likely to occur twice in the average American lifetime. We stayed over two or three trains in London, however, just long enough to get in a background, as it were, for our Continental experiences. The weather was typical, and the background, from an artistic point of view, was perfect. While not precisely opaque you couldn't see through it anywhere.

When it became a question of how we were to put in the time, it seemed to mamma as if she would rather lie down than anything.

"You and your father, dear," she said, "might drive to St. Paul's, when it stops raining. Have a good look at the dome and try and bring me back the sound of the echo. It is said to be very weird. See that poppa doesn't forget to take off his hat in the body of the church, but he might put it on in the Whispering Gallery, where it is sure to be draughty. And remember that the funeral coach of the Duke of Wellington is down in the crypt, darling. You might bring me an impression of that. I think I'll have a cup of chocolate and try to get a little sleep."

"Is it," asked poppa, "the coach which the Duke sent to represent him at the other people's funerals, or the one in which he attended his own?"

"You can look that up," mamma replied; "but my belief is that it was presented to the Duke by a grateful nation after his demise. In which case he couldn't possibly have used it more than once."

I looked at mamma reprovingly; but, seeing that she had no suspicion of being humorous, I said nothing. The Senator pushed out his under lip and pulled his beard.

"I don't know about St. Paul's," he said; "wouldn't any other impression do as well, mamma? It doesn't seem to be just the weather for a crypt, and I don't suppose the hearse of a military man is going to make the surroundings any more cheerful. Now, my idea is that when time is limited you've got to let some things go. I'd let the historical go every time. I'd let the instructive go—we can't drag around an idea of the British Museum, for instance. I'd let ancient associations go—unless you're particularly interested in the parties associated."

I thought of the morning I once spent picking up details, traditions, and remains of Dr. Johnson in various parts of the West Central district, and privately sympathized with this view, though I felt compelled to look severe. Mamma, who was now lying down, dis-sented. What, then, she demanded, had we crossed the ocean for?

"Rather," said she, "where time is limited let us spread ourselves, so to speak, over the area of culture available. This morning, for example, you, husband, might ramble round the Tower and try to picture the various tragedies that have been enacted there. You, daughter, might go and bring us those impressions from St. Paul's, while I will content myself with observing the manners of the British chambermaid. So far, I must say, I think they are lovely. Thus, each doing what he can and she can, we shall take back with us, as a family, more real benefit than we could possibly obtain if we all derived it from the same source."

"No," said poppa firmly. "I take exception to your theory, right there, Augusta. Culture is a very harmless thing, and there's no reason why you shouldn't take it in, till your back gives out, every day we're here. But I consider that we've got the article in very good shape in our little town over there in Illinois, and, personally, I don't propose to go nosing round after it in Europe. And, as a family man, I should hate to be divided up for any such purpose."

"Oh, if you're going to steel yourself against it, my love—"

"Now, what Bramley said to me the day before we sailed was this—No, I'm not steeling myself against it; my every pore is open to it—Bramley said: 'Your time is limited, you can't see everything. Very well. See the unique. Keep that in mind,' he said; 'the unique. And you'll be surprised to find how very little there is in the world, outside Chicago, that is unique.' Applying that rule," continued the Senator, strolling up and down, "the things to see in London are the Crystal Palace and the Albert Memorial. Especially the Albert Memorial. That was a man who played second fiddle to his wife, and enjoyed it, all his life long; and there he sits in Hyde Park to-day, I understand, still receiving the respectful homage of the nation—the only case on record."

"Westminster Abbey would be much better for you," said mamma.

"Don't you think," I put in, "that if mamma is to get any sleep—"

"Certainly. Now, another thing that Bramley said was, 'Look here,' he said, 'remember the Unattainable Elsewhere—and get it. You're likely to be in London.'

Now the Unattainable Elsewhere, for that town, is gentlemen's suitings. For style, price, and quality of goods the London tailor leads the known universe. Wick, he said—he was terribly in earnest—"if you have one hour in London, leave your measure!"

"In that case," said mamma, sitting up and ascertaining the condition of her hair, "you would like me to be with you, love."

Now, if mamma doesn't like poppa's clothes, she always gives them away without telling him. This would be thought arbitrary in England, and I have certainly known the Senator suddenly reduced to great destitution through it, but America is a free country, and there is no law to compel us to see our male relations unbecomingly clad against our will.

"Well, to tell the truth, Augusta," said poppa, "I would. I'd like to get this measure through by a unanimous vote. It will save complications afterward. But are you sure you wouldn't rather lie down?"

Mamma replied to the effect that she wouldn't mind his going anywhere else alone, but this was important. She put her gloves on as she spoke, and her manner expressed that she was equal to any personal sacrifice for the end in view.

Colonel Bramley had given the Senator a sartorial address of repute, and presently the hansom drew up before it, in Piccadilly. We went about as a family in one hansom for sociability.

"Look here, driver," said poppa, through the roof, "have we got there?"

The cabman, in a dramatic and highly resentful manner, pointed out the number with his whip. "There's the address as was given to me, sir."

"Well, there's nothing to get mad about," said poppa sternly. "I'm looking for Marcus Trippit, tailor and outfitter."

"It's all right, sir. All on the brass plate on the door, sir. I can see it puffily from 'ere."

The cabman seemed appeased, but his tone was still remonstrative.

We all looked at the door with the brass plate. It was flanked on one side by the offices of a house agent, on the other by a superior-looking restaurant.

"There isn't the sign of a tailor about the premises," said poppa, "except his name. I don't like the look of that."

"Perhaps," suggested mamma, "it's his private address."

"Well, I guess we don't want to call on Marcus, especially as we've got no proper introduction. Driver, that isn't Mr. Trippit's place of business. It's his home."

We all craned up at the hole in the roof at once, like young birds, and we all distinctly saw the driver smile.

"No, sir, I don't think 'e'd put it up like that 'e was a tyler, not on 'is privit residence, sir. I think you'll find the business premises on the fust or second floor, likely."

"Where's his window?" the Senator demanded. "Where's his display? No, I don't think Marcus will do for me. I'm not confiding enough. Now, you don't happen to be able to recommend a tailor, do you?"

"Yes, sir, I can take you to a gentleman that'll turn you out as 'andsome as need be. Out 'Ampstead way, 'e is."

The Senator smiled. "About a three-and-sixpenny fare, eh?" he said.

"Yes, sir, all of that."

"I thought so. I don't mind the three and sixpence. You can't do much driving where I come from under a dollar; but we've only got about twenty-four hours for the British capital altogether, and I can't spare the time."

"Suppose he drives along slowly," suggested mamma. "Just so. Drive along slowly until you come to a tailor that has a shop, do you see? And a good-sized window, with waxwork figures in it to show off the goods. Then let me hear from you again."

The man's expression changed to one of cheerfulness and benignity. "Right you are, sir," he said, and shut down the door in a manner that suggested entire appreciation of the circumstances.

"I think we can trust him," said poppa. Inside, therefore, we gave ourselves up to the enjoyment of what mamma called the varied panorama around us; while, outside, the cabman passed in critical review half the gentlemen's outfitters in London. It was mamma who finally brought him to a halt, and the establishment which inspired her with confidence and emulation was inscribed in neat, white enameled letters, "Court Tailors."

As we entered, a person of serious appearance came forward from the rear, by no means eagerly or inquiringly, but with a grave step and a great deal of deportment. I fancy he looked at mamma and me with slight surprise; then, with his hands calmly folded and his head a little on one side, he gave his attention to the Senator. But it was mamma who broke the silence.

"We wish," said mamma, "to look at gentlemen's suitings."

"Yes, madam, certainly. Is it for—for—" He hesitated in the embarrassed way only affected in the very best class of establishments, and I felt at ease at once as to the probable result.

"For this gentleman," said mamma, with a wave of her hand.

The Senator, being indicated, acknowledged it. "Yes," he said, "I'm your subject. But there's just one thing I want to say. I haven't got any use for a Court suit, because where I live we haven't got any use for Courts. My idea would be something aristocratic in quality but democratic in cut—the sort of thing you would make up for a member of Mr. Gladstone's family. Do I make myself clear?"

"Certainly, sir. Ordinary evening dress, sir, or is it morning dress, or both? Will you kindly step this way, sir?"

"We will all step this way," said mamma.

"It would be a morning coat and waistcoat then, sir, would it not? And trousers of a different—somewhat lighter—"

"Well, no," the Senator replied. "Something I could wear around pretty much all day."

My calm regard forbade the gentleman's outfitter to smile, even in the back of his head.

"I think I understand, sir. Now, here is something that is being a good deal worn just now. Beautiful finish."

"Nothing brownish, thank you," said mamma, with decision.

"No, madam? Then, perhaps, you would prefer this, sir. More on the iron gray, sir."

"That would certainly be more becoming," said mamma. "And I like that invisible line. But it's rather too woolly. I'm afraid it wouldn't keep its appearance. What do you think, Mamie?"

"Oh, there's no wooliness, madam." The gentleman's outfitter's tone implied that wool was the last thing he would care to have anything to do with. "It's the nap. And as to the appearance of these goods"—he smiled slightly—"well, we put our reputation on them, that's all. I can't say more than that. But I would have the same thing in a smooth finish, if you would prefer it."

"I think I would prefer it. Wouldn't you, Mamie?" The man brought the same thing in a smooth finish, and looked interrogatively at poppa.

"Oh, I prefer it, too," said he, with a profound assumption of intelligent interest. "Were you thinking of having pants made of the same material, Augusta?"

The gentleman's outfitter suddenly turned his back, and stood thus for an instant struggling with something like a spasm. Knowing that if there's one thing in the world mamma hates it's the exhibition of poppa's sense of humor, I walked to the door. When I came back they were measuring the Senator.

"Will you have the American shoulder, sir? Most of our customers prefer it."

"Well, no. The English shoulder would be more of a novelty on me. You see I come from the United States myself."

"Do you indeed, sir?"

The manners of some tailors might be emulated in England.

"Tails are a little longer than they were, sir, and waistcoats cut a trifle higher. Not more than half an inch in both cases, sir, but it does make a difference. Now, with reference to the coat, sir; will you have it finished with braid or not? Silk braid, of course, sir."

"Augusta?" demanded the Senator.

"Is braid de nouveau?" asked mamma.

"Not precisely, madam, but the Prince certainly has worn it this season while he didn't last."

"Do you refer to Wales?" asked poppa.

"Yes, sir. He's very generally mentioned simply as 'The Prince.' His Royal Highness is very conservative, so to speak, about such things, so when he takes up a style we generally count on its lasting at least through one season. I can assure you, sir, the Prince has appeared in braid. You needn't be afraid to order it."

"I think," put in mamma, "that braid would make a very neat finish, love."

Poppa walked slowly toward the door, considering the matter. With his hand on the knob he turned round.

"No," he said, "I don't think that's reason enough for me. We're both men in public positions, but I've got nothing in common with Wales. I'll have a plain hem."

CHAPTER IV.

"If there's one thing I hate," said Senator Wick several times later in the discussion of our plans, "it's to see a citizen of the United States going round advertising himself. If you analyze it, it's a mean thing to do; for it's no more a virtue to be born American than a fault to be born anything else. I'm proud of my nationality, and my income is a source of satisfaction to me, but I don't intend to brandish either of them in the face of Europe."

It was this principle that had induced poppa to buy tourist tickets second class by rail, first class by steamer, all through, like ordinary English people on eight or nine hundred a year. Mamma and I thought it rather noble of him and resolved to live up to it if possible, but when he brought forth a large packet of hotel coupons, guaranteed to produce everything, including the deepest respect of the proprietors at ten shillings and sixpence a day apiece, we thought he was making an unnecessary sacrifice to the feelings of the non-American traveling public.

"Two dollars and a half a day!" mamma ejaculated. "Were there no more expensive ones?"

"If there had been," poppa confessed, "I would have taken them. But these were the best they had. And I understand it's a popular, sensible way of traveling. I told the young man that the one thing we wished to avoid was ostentation, and he said that these coupons would be a complete protection."

"There must be some way of paying more," said mamma pathetically, looking at the paper books of tickets, held together by a quantity of little holes. "Do they actually include everything?"

"Even wine, I understand, where it is the custom of the hotel to provide it without extra charge, and in Switzerland honey with your breakfast," the Senator responded firmly. "I never made a more interesting purchase. There before us lie our beds, breakfasts, luncheons, dinners, lights, and attendance for the next six weeks."

"It is full of the most dramatic possibilities," I remarked, looking at the packet.

"It seems to me a kind of attempt to coerce Providence," said mamma, "as much as to say, 'Whatever happens to the world, I am determined to have my bed, breakfast, luncheon, dinner, lights, and attendance for six weeks to come.' Is it not presumptuous?"

"It's very reasonable," said the Senator, "and that's the principal thing you've got against it, Augusta. It's remarkably, pictorially cheap." The Senator put the little books in their detachable cover, snapped the elastic round them and restored the whole to his inside pocket. "You might almost say enjoyably cheap, if you know what I mean. The inexpensiveness of Europe," he continued, "is going to be a great charm for me. I intend to revel in it."

I am always discovering points about poppa of the existence of which I had not dreamed. His appreciation of the joy of small prices had been concealed in him up to this date, and I congratulated him warmly upon its appearance. I believe it is inherent in primitive tribes and in all Englishmen, but protective tariffs and other influences are rapidly eradicating it in Ameri-

cans, who should be consoled with on this point more than they usually are.

We were on our way to Paris after a miraculous escape of the Channel, so calm it was that we almost held our breaths in our anxiety lest the wind should rise before we got over. Dieppe lay behind us, and mamma at the window declared that she could hardly believe she was looking out at Normandy. Mamma at the window was enjoying herself immensely in the midst of Liberty silk traveling cushions, supported by her smelling-bottle, and engaged apparently in the realization of long-cherished dreams.

"There they are in a row!" she exclaimed. "How lovely to see them standing up in that stiff, unnatural way, just as they do in the pictures."

Poppa and I rushed rapidly to the window, but discovered nothing remarkable.

"To see what, Augusta?" demanded he.

"The Normandy poplars, love. Aren't you awfully disappointed in them? I am. So wooden!"

Poppa said he didn't know he had been relying much on the poplar feature of the scenery, and returned to his weary search for American telegrams in a London daily paper.

"Dear me," mamma ejaculated, "I never supposed I should see them doing it! And right along the line of the railway, too!"

"See them doing it!" I repeated, searching the landscape.

"The women working in the fields, darling love. Garnering the grain, all in that nice moderate shade of blue-electric, should you call it? There—there's another! No, you can't see her now. France is fascinating!"

Poppa abruptly folded the newspaper. "I've learned a great deal more than I wanted to know about Madagascar," said he, "and I understand that there's a likelihood of the London voter being called to arms to prevent High Church trustees introducing candles and incense into the opening exercises of the public schools. I've read eleven different accounts of a battle in Korea, and an article on the fauna and flora of Beluchistan, very well written. And I see it's stated, on good authority, that the Queen drove out yesterday accompanied by the Princess Beatrice. I don't know that I ever got more information for two cents in my life. But for news—Great Scott! I know more news than there is in that paper! The editor ought to be invited to come over and discover America."

"Here's something about America," I protested, "from Chicago, too. A whole column—'Movements of Cereals.'"

"Yes, and look at that for a nice attractive headline," responded the Senator with sarcasm. "'Movements of Cereals!' Gives you a great idea of pace, doesn't it? Why couldn't they have called it 'Grain on the Go?'"

"Did Mr. McConnell get in for Mayor, or Jimmy Fagan?" I inquired, looking down the column.

"They don't seem to have asked anybody."

"And who got the Post-office?"

"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Oh!" said mamma at the window, "these little graystone villages are too sweet for words. Why talk of Chicago? Mr. McConnell and Mr. Fagan are all very well at home, but now that the ocean heaves between us, and your political campaign is over, may we not forget them?"

"Forget Mike McConnell and Jimmy Fagan!" replied the Senator, regarding a passing church spire with an absent smile. "Well, no, Augusta; as far as I'm concerned I'm afraid it couldn't be done—at all permanently. There's too much involved. But I see what you mean about turning the mind out to pasture when the grazing is interesting—getting in a cud, so to speak, for reflection afterward. I see your idea."

The Senator is always business-like. He immediately addressed himself through the other window to the appreciation of the scenery, and I felt, as I look out my note-book to record one or two impressions, that he would do it justice.

"No, mamma," I was immediately compelled to exclaim, "you mustn't look over my shoulder. It is paralyzing to the imagination."

"Then I won't, dear. But oh, if you could only describe it as it is! The ruined chateaux, tree-embosomed—" Mamma paused.

"The gray church spires, from which at eventide the Angelus comes pealing—or stealing," she continued. "Perhaps 'stealing' is better. Above all the poplars—the poplars are very characteristic, dear. And the women toilers in the sunset fields garnering up the golden grain. You might exclaim, 'Why are they always in blue?' Have you got that down?"

"They were making hay," poppa corrected. "But I suppose the public won't know the difference, any more than you did."

Mamma leaned forward, clasping her smelling-bottle, and looked out of the window with a smile of exaltation.

"The cows," she went on, "the proud-legged Norman cows standing knee-deep in the quiet pools. Have you got the cows down, dear?"

The Senator, at the other window, looked across disparagingly, hard at work on his beard. He said nothing, but after a time abruptly thrust his hands in his pockets, and his feet out in front of him in a manner which expressed absolute dissent. When mamma said she thought she would try to get a little sleep he looked round observantly, and as soon as her slumber was sound and comfortable he beckoned to me.

"See here," he said, not unkindly, argumentatively. "About those cows. In fact, about all these pointers your mother's been giving you. They're all very nice and poetic—I don't want to run down mamma's ideas—but they don't strike me as original. I won't say I could put my finger on it, but I'm perfectly certain I've heard of the poplars and the women field laborers of Normandy somewhere before. She doesn't do it on purpose—the Senator inclined his head with deprecation toward the sleeping form opposite, and lowered his voice—"and I don't know that I'd mention it to you under any other circumstances, but mamma's a fearful plagiarist. She doesn't hesitate anywhere. I've known her do it to William Shakespeare and the Book of Job, let alone modern authors. In dealing with her sugges-

tions you want to be very careful. Otherwise mamma'll get you into trouble."

I nodded with affectionate consideration. "I'll make a note of what you say, Senator," I replied, and immediately, from motives of delicacy, we changed the subject. As we talked, poppa told me in confidence how much he expected of the democratic ideal in Paris. He said that even the short time we had spent in England was enough to enable him to detect the subservience of the lower classes there and to resent it, as a man and a brother. He spoke sadly and somewhat bitterly of the manners of the brother man who shaved him, which he found unjustifiably affable, and of the inexcusable abasement of a British railway porter if you gave him a shilling. He said he was glad to leave England, it was demoralizing to live there; you lost your sense of the dignity of labor, and in the course of time you were almost bound to degenerate into a swell. He expressed a good deal of sympathy with the aristocracy, on this account, concentrating his indignation upon those who, as it were, made aristocrats of innocent human beings against their will. It was more than he would have ventured to say in public, but in talking to me poppa often mentions what a comfort it is to be his own mouthpiece.

"The best thing about these tourists' tickets is," said the Senator, as we approached Paris, "that they entitle you to the use of an interpreter. He is said to be found on all station platforms of importance, and I presume he's standing there waiting for us now. I take it we're at liberty to tap his knowledge of the language in any moment of difficulty just as if it were our own."

Ten minutes later the carriage doors were opening upon Paris, and the Senator's eagle eye was searching the crowded platform for this official. Our vague idea was that the interpreter would be a conspicuous and permanent object like a nickel-in-the-slot machine, automatically arranged to open his arms to tourists presenting the right tickets, and emit conversation. When we finally detected him, by his cap, he was shifting uneasily in the midst of a crowd of inquirers. His face was pale, his beard pointed, his expression that of a person constantly interrupted in many languages. The crowd was parting to permit him to escape, when we filled up the available avenue and confronted him.

"Are you the linguist that goes with our tickets?" asked the Senator.

"I am ze interpreter, yes, but weez ze tickets I go not, no. All-ways I stay here in zis place; nowhere I go." He stood at bay, so to speak, frowning fiercely as he replied, and then made another bolt for liberty, but poppa laid a compelling hand upon his arm.

"If it's all the same to you," said poppa firmly, "I've got ladies with me, and—"

"Yes, certainly; you get presently your trunks. You see zat door beside many people? Immediately it open you go and show ze customs man. You got no duty thing, it is all right. You call one fiacre—carriage—and go at your hotel."

"Oh," exclaimed mamma, "is there any charge on nerve tincture, please? It's entirely for my personal use."

"It's only on cigars and eau-de-cologne, isn't it?" I entreated.

"Which door did you say?" asked the Senator. "I'd be obliged if you would speak more slowly. There's no cause for excitement. From here I can see fourteen doors, and I saw our luggage go in by this door."

"You don't believe wat I say! Very well! All ze same, it is zat door beside all ze people wat want zere trunks!"

"All right," said the Senator pacifically. "How you do boil over! I tell you one thing, my friend," he added, as the interpreter washed his hands of us, "you may be a necessity to the traveling public, but you're not a luxury, in any sense of the word."

CHAPTER V.

THE Senator, discovering to his surprise that the hotel clerk was a lady, lifted his hat. He did not appear to be surprised, that wasn't the Senator's way; but he forgot what he had to say, which proved it. While he was hesitating she looked at him humorously and said, "Good-evening, sir!" She was a florid person who wore this sense of humor between hard blue eyes and an iron jaw. Mamma took a passionate dislike to her on the spot.

"Oh, then you do," said poppa. "You parlay Anglay. That's a good thing, I'm sure, for I know mighty little Fransay. May I ask what sort of accommodation you can give Mrs. Wick, Miss Wick, and myself for to-night? Anything on the first floor?"

"What rooms you require, sir? One double, one single, yes? Certainly. Francois, *trente-cinq et trente-huit*." She handed Francois the keys and her sense of humor disappeared in a smile which told poppa that he might, if he liked, consider her a fine woman. He, wishing doubtless to bask in it to the fullest extent, produced his book of tickets.

"I expect you've seen these before," he said, apparently for the pleasure of continuing the conversation.

As her eye fell upon them a look of startled cynicism suddenly replaced the smile. Her cynicism was paradoxical, she was so large, and sound and wholesome, and the more irritating on this account.

"You 'ave the coupons?" she exclaimed. "Ah-a-ah!" in a crescendo of astonishment at our duplicity. "Then I 'ave made one mistake. Francois! Those first-floor rooms they are already taken. But on the third floor are two good beautiful rooms. There is also the lift—you can use the lift."

"I can't dispute with a lady," said poppa, "but that is singular. I should prefer those first-floor rooms which were not taken until I mentioned the coupons."

"Sare!"

The lady's eye was unflinching, and poppa quailed. He looked ashamed, as if he had been caught in telling a story. They made a picture, as he stood there pulling his beard, of American chivalry and Gallic guile, which was almost pathetic.

"Well," said he, "as it's necessary that Mrs. Wick should lie down as soon as possible you might show us those third-floor rooms."

Then he recovered his dignity and glanced at Mamma more in sorrow than in anger.

"Certainly, sir," she said severely. "Will you use the lift? For the lift there is no charge."

"That," said the Senator, "is real liberal." In moments of emotion poppa often dropped into an Americanism. "If it's a serious offer I think we will use the lift."

At a nod from Madame, Francois went away to seek the man belonging to the lift, and after a time returned with him. The lady produced another key, with which the man belonging to the lift unlocked the door of the brass cage which guarded it.

"You must find strangers very dishonest, madame," said the Senator courteously, as we stepped inside, "to render such a precaution necessary."

But before we arrived at the third floor we were convinced that it was unnecessary. It was not an elevator that the most burglarious would have cared to take away.

So many Americans surrounded the breakfast-table next morning that we might almost have imagined ourselves in Chicago. A small, young priest with furtive brown eyes covered at one of the side tables, and at another a broad-shouldered, unsmiling lady, dressed in black, with brows and a slight mustache to match, dispensed food to a sallow and shrinking object of preternaturally serious aspect who seemed to be her husband, and a little boy who kept an anxious eye on them both. They were French, too, but all the people who sat up and down the long middle table belonged to the United States of America. They were there in groups, and in families representing different localities and different social positions—as mamma said, you had only to look at their shoulder seams—and each group or family received the advances of the next with the polite tolerance—head a little on one side—which characterizes us when we don't know each other's business standing or church membership; but the tide of conversation which ebbed and flowed had a flavor which made the table a geographical unit. I say "flavor," because there was certainly something, but I am inclined to think with Mr. Page that "accent" is rather too strong a word to describe it. At all events, the gratification of hearing it after his temporary exile in Great Britain almost brought tears to the Senator's eyes. There were only three vacant places, and, as we took them, making the national circle complete, a little smile wavered round the table. It was a proud, conscious smile, it indicated that though we might not be on terms of intimacy we recognized ourselves to be immensely and uniformly American, and considerably the biggest fraction of the traveling public. As poppa said, the prevailing feeling was also American. As he was tucking his napkin into his waistcoat, and ordering our various breakfasts, the gentleman who sat next to him listened—he could not help it—flighted, and finally, with some embarrassment, spoke.

"I don't know, sir," he said, "whether you're aware of it—I presume you're a stranger, like myself—but all they allow for what they call breakfast in this hotel is tea or coffee, rolls, and butter; everything else is charged extra."

Poppa was touched. As he said to me afterward, who but an American would have taken the trouble to tell a stranger a thing like that! Not an Englishman, certainly—he would see you bankrupt first! He disguised his own sophistication, and said he was very much obliged, and he almost apologized for not being able to take advantage of the information, and stick to coffee and rolls.

"But the fact is," he said in self-defense, "we may get back for lunch and we may not."

"That's all right," the gentleman replied with distinct relief. "I didn't mind the omelet or the sole, but when it came to fried chicken and strawberries I just had to speak out. You going to make a long stay in Paris?"

As they launched to conversation, mamma and I glanced at each other with mutual congratulation. It was at last obvious that the Senator was going to enjoy his European experiences; we had been a little doubtful about it. Left to ourselves we discussed our breakfast and the waiters, the only French people we could see from where we sat, and expressed our annoyance, which was great, at being offered toothpicks. I was so hungry that it was only when I asked for a third large roll that I noticed mamma regarding me with mild disapproval.

"I fear," she said with a little sigh, "that you are thinking very little of what is past and gone, love."

"Mamma," I replied, "don't spoil my breakfast." When mamma can throw an emotional chill over anything, I never knew her to refrain. "I should like that garcon to bring me some more bread," I continued.

Mamma sighed even more deeply. "You may have part of mine," she replied, breaking it with a gesture that said such callousness she could not understand. Her manner for the next few minutes expressed distinctly that she, at least, meant to do her duty by Arthur.

Presently from the other side of poppa came the words, "Not Wick of Chicago!"

"I guess I can't deny it," said poppa.

"Senator Wick?"

Poppa lowered his voice. "If it's all the same to you," he said, "not for the present. Just plain Joshua P. Wick. I'm not what you call traveling incognito, do you see, but, so far as the U. S. Senate is concerned, I haven't got it with me."

"Well, sir, I won't mention it again. But all the same, if I may be allowed to say so, I am pleased to meet you, sir—very pleased. I suppose they wired you that Mike McConnell's got the Post-office."

Poppa held out his hand in an instant of speechless gratitude. "Sir," he said, "they did not. Put it there. I said no wires and no letters, and I've been sorry for it ever since. Mamma," he continued, "daughter, allow me to present to you Mr. McConnell, who has heard by cablegram that our friend Mr. McConnell is Postmaster-General of Chicago."

Mamma was grateful, too, though she expressed it somewhat more distantly. Mamma has a great deal of manner with strangers; it sometimes completely disguises her real feeling toward them. I was also grateful, though I merely bowed, and kicked the Senator under the table. Nobody would have guessed from our outward bearing the extent to which our political fortunes, as a family, were mixed up with Mike McConnell's.

nell's. Mr. Malt immediately said that if there was anything else he could do for us he was at our service.

"Well," said poppa, "I suppose there's a good deal of intrinsic interest in this town—relics of Napoleon, the Bon Marché, and so on—and we've got to see it. I must say," he added, turning to mamma, "I feel considerably more equal to it now."

"It will take you a good long week," said Mr. Malt earnestly, "to begin to have an idea of it. You might spend two whole days in the Louvre itself. Is your time limited?"

"I don't need to tell any American the market value of it," said poppa, smiling.

"Then you can't do better than go straight to the Louvre. I'd be pleased to accompany you, only I've got to go round and see our Ambassador—I've got a little business with him. I daresay you know that one of our man-of-war ships is lying right down here in the Seine River. Well, the captain is giving a reception to-morrow in honor of the Russian Admiral who happened to be there, too. I've got ladies with me and I wrote for four tickets. Did I get the four tickets—or two of them—or one? No, sir, I got a letter in the third person singular saying it wasn't a public entertainment! I wrote back to say I guessed it was an American entertainment, and he could expect me, all the same. He hadn't any sort of excuse—my name and business address were on my letter-paper. Now I'm just going round to see what a United States Ambassador's for, in this connection."

Mr. Malt rose and the waiter withdrew his chair. "Thank you, sir," said he. "I'm coming back again—do you understand? This is not my last meal," and the waiter bowed as if that were a statement which had to be acknowledged, but was of the least possible consequence to him personally. "Well, Mr. Wick," continued Mr. Malt, brushing the crumbs from his waistcoat, "I'll say good-morning, and to your ladies also. I'm very pleased to have met you."

"Well," said mamma, as he disappeared, "if every American in Paris has decided to go to that reception there won't be much room for the Russians."

"I suppose he's a voter and a taxpayer, and he's got his feelings," replied poppa. The Senator would defend a voter and a taxpayer against any imputation not actually criminal.

"I'm glad I'm not one of his lady friends," mamma continued. "I don't think I could make myself at home on that man-of-war under the circumstances. But I daresay he'll drag them there with him. He seems to be just that kind of a man."

"He's a very patriotic kind of a man," replied the Senator. "It's his patriotism, don't you see, that's giving him all this trouble. It's been outraged. Personally I consider Mr. Malt a very intelligent gentleman, and if he'd given me an opening as big as the eye of a needle I'm the camel that would have gone with him, Augusta."

This statement of the Senator's struck me as something to be acted upon. If there was to be a constant possibility of his going off with any chance American in regular communication with the United States, our European tour would be a good deal less interesting than I had been led to expect. While mamma was getting ready for the Louvre, therefore, I stepped down to the office and wired our itinerary to his partner in Chicago. "Keep up daily communication by wire in detail," I telegraphed, "forward copies all important letters care Paters." Paters was the tourist agent who had undertaken to bless our comings and goings. I said nothing whatever to poppa, but I felt a glow of conscious triumph when I thought of Mr. Malt.

We stood and realized Paris on the pavement while the fiacre turned in from the road and drew up for us. I had every intention of being fascinated and so had mamma. We had both heard from our earliest youth that good Americans when they die go to Paris, and that prepares one for a good deal in this life. We were so anxious to be pleased that we fastened with one accord upon the florist's shop under the hotel and said that it was uniquely charming, though we both knew places in Broadway that it couldn't be compared with. We looked amiably at the passers-by, and did our best to detect in the manner of their faces that *esprit* that makes the dialogue of French novels so interesting. What I usually thought I saw when they looked at us, was a leisured indifference ornamented with the suspicion of a sneer, and based upon a certain fundamental acquisitiveness and ability to make a valuation that acknowledged the desirability of our presence on business grounds, if not on personal ones. It seemed to be a preconceived public intention to make as much noise in a given space as possible—we spoke of the cheerfulness of it, stopping our ears. The cracking of the drivers' whips alone made a *feu de joie* that never ceased, and listening to it we knew that we ought to feel happy and elated. The driver of our fiacre was fat and rubicund; he wore a green coat, brass buttons, and a shiny top hat, and looked as if he drank constantly. His jollity was perfunctory, I know, and covered a grasping nature; but it was very well imitated, like everything in Paris. As he whirled us, with a whip-report like a pistol-shot, into the train of traffic in the middle of the street, we felt that we were indeed in the city of appearances; and I put down in my mind, not having my note-book, that Paris lives up to its photographs.

"We mustn't forget our serious object, dear," said mamma, as we rolled over the cobblestones—"our literary object. What shall we note this morning? The broad streets, the elegant shops—do look at that one! Darling, is it absolutely necessary to go to the Louvre this morning? There are some things we really need."

Mamma addressed the Senator. I mentioned to her once that her way of doing it was almost English in its demonstrativeness, and my other parent told me privately he wished I hadn't—it aggravated it so.

"Augusta," said poppa firmly, "I understand your feeling. I take a human interest in those stores myself, which I do not expect this picture gallery, etc., to inspire in me. But there the Louvre is, you see, and it's got to be done. If we spent our whole time in this city in mere pleasure and amusement, you would be the first to reproach yourself, Augusta."

A few minutes later, when we had crossed the stone quadrangle and mounted the stairs, and stood with our catalogue in the Salle Lacaze, mamma said that she

wouldn't have missed it for anything. She sank ecstatic upon a bench, and gave to every individual picture upon the opposite wall the tribute of her intensest admiration. It was a pleasure to see her enjoying herself so much; and poppa and I vainly tried to keep up to her with the catalogue.

"Oh, why haven't we such things in Chicago!" she exclaimed, at which the Senator checked her mildly.

"It's a mere question of time," said he. "It isn't reasonable to expect pre-Raphaelites in a new country. But give us three or four hundred years, and we'll produce old masters which, if you ladies will excuse the expression, will knock the spots out of the Middle Ages." Poppa is such an optimist about Chicago.

The Senator went on in a strain of criticism of the pictures perfectly moderate and kindly—nothing he wouldn't have said to the artists themselves—until momma interrupted him. "Don't you think we might be silent for a time, Alexander," she said.

Momma does call him Alexander sometimes. I didn't like to mention it before, but it can't be concealed forever. She says it's because Joshua always costs her an effort, and every woman ought to have the right to name her own husband.

"Let us offer to all this genius," she continued, "dedicating it, 'the tribute of sealing our lips.'"

The Senator will always oblige. "Mine are sealed, Augusta," he replied, and so we sat in silence for the next ten minutes. But I could see by his expression, in connection with the angle at which his hat was tipped, that he was comparing the productions before him with the future old masters of Chicago, and wishing it were possible to live long enough to back Chicago.

"How they do sink in!" said momma at last. "How they sink into the soul!"

"They do," replied the Senator. "I don't deny it. But I see by the catalogue, counting Salles and Salons and all, there's seventeen rooms full of them. If they're all to sink in, for my part I'll have to enlarge the premises. And we've been here three-quarters of an hour already, and life is short, Augusta."

So we moved on where the imperishable faces of Greuze and Velasquez and Rembrandt smiled and frowned and wondered at us. As poppa said, it was easy to see that these people had ideas, and were simply longing to express them. "You feel sorry for them," he said, "just as you feel sorry for an intelligent terrier. But these poor things can't even wag their tails!" Just let me know when you've had enough, Augusta."

Momma declared, with an accent of reproach, that she could never have enough. I noticed, however, that we did not stay in the second room as long as in the first one, and that our progress was steadily accelerating. Presently the Senator asked us to sit down for a few minutes while he should leave us.

"There's a picture here Bramley said I was to see without fail," he explained. "It's called 'Nona Lisu,' and it's by an artist by the name of Leonardo du Vinci. Bramley said it was a very fine painting, but I don't remember just now whether he said it was what you might call a picture for the family or not. I'll just go and ascertain," said the Senator. "Judging from some of the specimens here, oil paintings in the Middle Ages weren't intended to be chromo-lithographed."

In his absence momma and I discussed French cookery as far as we had experienced it, in detail, with prodigious yawns for which we did not even apologize. Poppa was gone a remarkably short time and came back radiant. "I've found Mona," he exclaimed, "and—she's all right. Bramley said it was the most remarkable portrait of a woman in the world—looking at it, Bramley said, you become insensible to everything—forget all about your past life and future hopes—and I guess he's about right. Come and see it."

Momma arose without enthusiasm, and I thought I detected adverse criticism in advance in her expression. "Here she is," said the Senator presently. "Now look at that! Did you ever see anything more intellectual and cynical, and contemptuous and sweet, all in one! Lookin' at you as much as to say 'who are you, anyhow, from way back in the State of Illinois—commercial traveler? And what do you pretend to know?'"

Momma regarded the portrait for a moment in calm disapprobation. "I daresay she was very clever," she said at length, "but if you wish to know my opinion I don't think much of her. And before taking us to see another female portrait, Mr. Wick, I should be obliged if you would take the precaution of finding out who she was."

After which we drove quietly home.

CHAPTER VI.

POPPA decided that we had better go to Versailles by Cook's four-in-hand. There were other ways of going, but he thought we might as well take the most distinguished one. He was careful to explain that the mere grandeur of this method of transportation had no weight with him, he was compelled to submit to the ostentation of it for another purpose which he had in view.

"I am not a person," said poppa, "nor is any member of my family, to trust myself into aristocratic circles in foreign lands; but when an opportunity like this occurs for observing them without prejudice, so to speak, I believe in taking it."

We went to the starting place early, so as to get good seats, for, as momma said, the whole of the Parisian elite with the President thrown in wouldn't induce her to ride with her back to the horses. In that position she would be incapable of observation.

The coaches were not there when we arrived, and presently the Senator discovered why. He told us with a slightly depressed air that they had gone round to the hotels.

"Daughter," he said to me, "J. P. Wick does hate to make a fool of himself, and this morning he's done it twice over. The best seats will go to the people who had the sense to stay at their hotels, and the fact that the coaches go round shows that they run for tourist traffic only. There won't be a Paris aristocrat among them," continued poppa gloomily, "Nary an aristocrat."

When they came up we saw that there wasn't. The coaches were full of tourist traffic. It was mounted on the box seats very high up, where it looked conspicuously happy, and sounded a little hysterical; and it was packed, tight and warm and anticipant, into every avail-

able seat. From its point of vantage, secured by waiting at the hotel for it, the tourist traffic looked down upon the Wick family on the pavement, in irritating compassion. As momma said, if we hadn't taken our tickets it was enough to have sent us to the Bon Marché.

A man in a black frock-coat and white shirt cuffs came bareheaded from the office and pointed us out to the interpreter, who wore brass buttons. The interpreter appeared to mention it to the guide, who wiped his perspiring brows under a soft brown felt hat. A flaccid crawled round the corner and paused to look on, and the Senator said, "Now which of you three gentlemen is responsible for my ride to Versailles?"

The interpreter looked at him with a hostile expression, the guide made a gesture of despair at the volume of tourist traffic, and the man with the shirt-cuffs said, "You 'ave took your places on ze previous day?"

"I took them from you ten minutes ago," poppa replied. "What a memory you've got!"

"Zen zare is nothing guaranteed. But we will send special carriage, and behind you can follow up," and he indicated the flaccid which had now drawn into line.

"I don't think so," said poppa, "when I buy four-in-hand tickets I don't take one-in-hand accommodation."

"You will not go in ze private carriage?"

"I will not."

"Mais—it is much ze preferable."

"I don't know why I should contradict you," said poppa, but at that moment the difficulty was solved by the Misses Bingham.

"Guide!" cried one of the Misses Bingham, beckoning with her fan, "Nous voulons a descendre!"

"You want get out?"

"Oui!" replied the Misses Bingham with simultaneous dignity, and as the guide merely wiped his forehead again, poppa stepped forward. "Can I assist you?" he said, and the Misses Bingham allowed themselves to be assisted. They were small ladies, dressed in black pongee silk, with sloping shoulders, and they each carried a black fan and a brocade bag for odds and ends. They were not plain-looking, and yet it was readily seen why nobody had ever married them; they had that look of the predestined single state that you sometimes see even among the very well preserved. One of them had an eyeglass, but it was easy to note even when she was not wearing it that she was a person of independent income, of family, and of New York.

"We are quite willing," said the Misses Bingham, "to exchange our seats in the coach for yours in the special carriage, if that arrangement suits you."

"Bon!" interposed the guide, "and opposite there is one other place if that fat gentleman will squeeze himself a little—eh?"

"Come along!" said the fat gentleman equably. "But I couldn't think of depriving you ladies."

"Sir," said one Miss Bingham, "it is no deprivation."

"We should prefer it," added the other Miss Bingham. They spoke with decision; one saw that they had not reached middle age without knowing their own minds all the way.

"To tell the truth," added the Miss Bingham without the eyeglasses in a low voice, "we don't think we can stand it."

"I don't precisely take you, madam," said the Senator politely.

"I'm an American," she continued.

Poppa bowed. "I should have known you for a daughter of the Stars and Stripes anywhere," he said in his most complimentary tone.

Miss Bingham looked disconcerted for an instant and went on. "My great-grandfather was A.D.C. to General Washington. I've got that much reason to be loyal."

"There couldn't have been many," the Senator agreed.

"But when I go abroad I don't want the whole of the United States to come with me."

"It takes the gift of getting back for you?" suggested poppa a little stiffly.

Miss Bingham failed to take the hint. "We find Europe infested with Americans," she continued. "It disturbs one's impressions so. And the traveling American invariably belongs to the very least desirable class."

"Now I shouldn't have thought so," said the Senator, with intentional humor. But it was lost upon Miss Bingham.

"Well, if you like them," said the other one, "you'd better go in the coach."

The Senator lifted his hat. "Madam," he said, "I thank you for giving to me and mine the privilege of visiting a very questionable scene of the past in the very best society of the present."

And, as the guide was perspiring more and more impatiently, we got in.

For some moments the Senator sat in silence, reflecting upon this sentiment, with an occasionally heaving breast. Circumstances forbade his expatiating upon the subject, but he cast an eye full of criticism upon the flaccid rolling along far in the rear, and remarked with a fervor most unusual that he hoped they liked our dust. We certainly made a great deal of it. Momma and I, looking at our fellow-travelers, at once decided that the Misses Bingham had been a little hasty. The fat gentleman, who wore a straw hat very far back, and meant to enjoy himself, was certainly our fellow-citizen. So was his wife and brother-in-law. So were a bride and bridegroom on the box seat—nothing less than the best of everything for an American honeymoon—and so was a solitary man with a short cut bristly beard, a slouch hat, a pink cotton shirt, and a celluloid collar. But there was an indescribable something about all the rest that plainly showed they had never voted for a President or celebrated a Fourth of July. I was still revolving it in my mind when the fat gentleman, who had been thinking of the same thing, said to his neighbor on the other side, a person of serious appearance in a black silk hat, apropos of the line he had crossed by. "I may be wrong, but I shouldn't have put you down to be an American."

"Oh, I guess I am," replied the serious man, "but not the United States kind."

"British North," suggested the fat gentleman, with a smile that acknowledged her Majesty. "First cousin once removed," and momma and I looked at one another intelligently. We had nothing against Canadians, except that they generally talk as if they had the whole of the St. Lawrence River and Niagara Falls in a perpetual

lease from Providence—and we had never seen so many of them together before. The coach was three-quarters full of these foreigners, if the Misses Bingham had only known; but as poppa afterward said, they were probably not foreign enough. It may have been imagination, but I immediately thought I saw a certain meekness, a habit of deference—I wanted to incite them all to treat the Guelphs as we did. Just then we stopped before the church of St. Augustin, and the guide came swinging along the outside of the coach hoarsely emitting facts. Everybody listened intently, and I noticed upon the Canadian countenances the same determination to be instructed that we always show ourselves. We all meant to get the maximum amount of information for the price, and I don't think any of us have forgotten that the site of St. Augustin is three-cornered, and its dome resembles a tiara to this day. For a moment I was sorry for the Misses Bingham, who were absorbing nothing but dust; but, as momma said, they looked very well informed.

It must be admitted that we were a little shy with the guide, we let him bully us. As poppa said, he was certainly well up in his subject, but that was no reason why he should have treated us as if we had all come from St. Paul's or Kansas City. There was a condescension about him that was not explained by the state of his linen, and a familiarity that I had always supposed confined exclusively to the British aristocracy among themselves. He had a red face and a blue eye with which he looked down on us with scarcely concealed contempt, and he was marvelously agile, distributing his information as open street-car conductors collect fares.

"They seem extremely careful of their herbage in this town," remarked the serious man, and we noticed that it was so. Precautions were taken in wire that would have dissuaded a grasshopper from venturing on it. It grew very neatly inside, doubtless with a certain *chic*, but it had a look of being put on for the occasion that was essentially Parisian. Also the trees grew up out of iron plates, which was uncomfortable, though, no doubt, highly finished, and the flowers had a *cachet* about them which made one think of French bonnets. As we rolled into the Bois it became evident that the guide had something special to communicate. He raised his voice and coughed, in a manner which commanded instant attention.

"Ladies—and gentlemen," he said—he always added the gentlemen as if they were an afterthought—"you are mos' fortunate, mos' lucky. *Tout Paris*—all the folks—are still driving their 'orse an' carriage 'ere. One week more—the style will be all gone—what you say—vamoosed? Every mother's son! An' Cook's excursion party won't see nothin' but ole cabs goin' along!"

"Can't we get away from them?" asked the serious person. It was humorously intended—certainly a liberty, and the guide was down on it in an instant.

"Get away from them? Not if they know you're here!"

At which the serious man looked still more serious, and sympathy for him sprang up in every heart.

We passed Longchamps at a steady trot, and the guide's statement that the races there were always held on Sunday was received with a silence that evidently disappointed him. It was plain that he had a withering rejoinder ready for sabbatarians, and he waited anxiously, balanced on one foot, for an expression of shocked opinion. It was after we had passed Mont Valerien frowning on the horizon that the man in the pink cotton shirt began to grow restive under so much instruction. He told the serious person that his name was Hinkson of Iowa, and the serious person was induced to reply that his was Pabbley of Simcoe, Ontario. It was insubordination—the guide was talking about the shelling from Mont Valerien at the time, with the most patriotic dislocations in his grammar.

"You understand, you see?" he concluded. "Now those two gentlemen, they *don't* understand, and they *don't* see. An' when they get back to the United States they won't be able to tell their wives an' sweethearts anythin' about Mont Valerien! All right, gentlemen—please yourselves. *Mais* you please remember I am just like William Shakespeare—I give *no repetition*!"

It was then that the serious man demonstrated that Britons, even the North American kind, never never would be slaves. Placing his black silk hat carefully a little further back on his head, he leaned forward.

"Now look here, mister," he said, "you're as personal as a Yankee newspaper. So far as I know, you're not the friend of my childhood, nor the companion of my later years, except for this trip only, and I'd just as soon you realized it. As far as I know you're paid to point out objects of historical interest. Don't you trouble to entertain us any further than that. We'll excuse you!"

"Ladies—an' gentlemen," continued the guide calmly, "in a lil' short while we shall be approached to the town of St. Cloud. At that town of St. Cloud will be one gentleman will take the excellen' group—fotograf. To appear in that fotograf, you will please all keep together with me. Afterward, you will look at the fountains, at the magnificent panorama de Paris, and we go on to Versailles. On the return journey, if you like that fotograf you can buy, if you don't like, you don't buy. An' if you got no wife an' no sweetheart all the same you keep your temper!"

But Mr. Pabbley had settled his hat in its normal position and did not intend to clear his brow for action again. All might have gone well had it not been for the patriotic sensitiveness of Mr. Hinkson of Iowa.

"I think I heard you pass a remark about American newspapers, sir," said Mr. Hinkson of Iowa. "Think you've got any better in Canada?"

Mr. Pabbley smiled. There may have been some fancied superiority in the smile.

"I guess they suit us better," he said.

"Got any circulation figures about you?"

"Not being an advertising agent, I don't carry them."

"I see!" Mr. Hinkson's manner of saying he saw clearly implied that there might have been other reasons why Mr. Pabbley declined to produce those figures. We were all listening now, and the guide had subsided upon the box seat. The Senator's face wore the judicial expression it always assumes when he has a difficulty in keeping himself out of the conversation. It became

easier than ever to separate the Republican and the British elements on that coach.

"Well," said Mr. Hinkson, "don't you folks get pretty tired of paying Victoria taxes sometimes?"

The British contingent seemed to find this amusing. The Americans looked as if it were no laughing matter.

"I don't believe her Majesty is much the richer for all she gets out of us," said Mr. Pabbly.

"Oh, I guess you send over a pretty good lump per annum, don't you?"

"Not a red cent, sir," said Mr. Pabbly, decisively. "We run our own show."

"What about that aristocrat that rules the country up at Ottawa?"

"Oh, he hasn't got any say! We get him out and pay him a salary to save ourselves the trouble of electing a president. A presidential election's bad for business, bad for politics, bad for morals."

"You seem to know. Doesn't it ever make you tired to hear yourselves called subjects? Don't you ever want to be free and equal, like us? Trot out the truth now—the George Washington article!"

"Mister," said Mr. Pabbly, "I flatter myself that Canadians are a good deal like United States folks already, and I don't mind congratulating both our nations on the resemblance. But I'm bound to add that, while I would wish to imitate the American people in many ways still further, I wouldn't be like you personally, no, not under any circumstances, nor in any respect."

At this moment it was necessary to dismount, and, as poppa and I both immediately became engaged in reconciling momma to the necessity of walking to the top of the plateau, I lost the rest of the conversation. Momma, when it was necessary to walk anywhere, always became pathetic and offered to stay behind alone. She declared on this occasion that she would be perfectly happy in the coach with the dear horses, and poppa had to resort to extreme measures. "Please yourself, Augusta," he said. "Your lightest whim is law to me, and you know it. But I'm going to hate standing up in that photograph all alone with my only child, like any widower."

"Alexander!" exclaimed momma at once. "What a dreadful idea! I think I might be able to manage it."

The photographer was there with his camera. The guide marshaled us up to him, falling back now and then to bark at the heels of the lagging ones, and, with the assistance of a bench and an acacia, we were rapidly arranged, the short ones standing up, the tall ones sitting down, every one assuming his most pleasing expression, and the Misses Bingham standing alone, apart, on the horizon, looking on under an umbrella that seemed to protect them from the intimate association with the democracy in any form. We saw the guide approach them in gingerly interrogation, but before simultaneous waves of their two black fans, he retired in disorder. The bride had slipped her hand upon her husband's shoulder, just to mark his identity; the fat gentleman had removed his hat and hurriedly put it on again, and the photographer had gone under his curtain for the third time, when Mr. Hinkson, of Iowa, who sat in a conspicuous cross-legged position in the foreground, drew from his pocket a handkerchief and spread it carefully out over one knee. It was not an ordinary handkerchief, it was a pocket edition of the Stars and Stripes, all red, and blue, and white, and it attracted the instant attention of every eye. One of the eyes was Mr. Pabbly's, who appeared to clear the group at a bound in consequence.

"Ladies and gentlemen," exclaimed Mr. Pabbly with vehemence, "does any one happen to have a Union Jack about him or her?"

They felt in their pockets, but they hadn't.

"Then," said Mr. Pabbly, who was evidently aroused, "unless the gentleman from Iowa will withdraw his handkerchief, I refuse to sit."

"I guess we aren't any of us annexationists," said a middle-aged woman from Toronto, in a duster, and proceeded to follow Mr. Pabbly.

The rest of the Canadians looked at each other undecidedly for a moment and then slowly filed after the middle-aged woman. There remained the mere wreck of a group clustering round the national emblem on the leg of Mr. Hinkson. The guide was expostulating himself speechless, the photographer was in convulsions, the Senator saw it was time to interfere. Leaning over, he gently tapped the patriot from Iowa on the shoulder.

"Aren't you satisfied with the seventy million fellow-citizens you've got already," said poppa, "that you want to grab nine half-starved Canucks with a hand camera?"

"They're in the majority here," said Mr. Hinkson fiercely, "and I dare any one of 'em to touch that flag. Go along over there and join 'em if you like—they're goin' to be done by themselves—to send to Queen Victoria!"

But that was further than anybody would go, even in defense of cosmopolitanism. The Republic rallied round Mr. Hinkson's leg, while the Dominion with much dignity supported Mr. Pabbly. As momma said, human nature is perfectly extraordinary.

For the rest of the journey to Versailles there was hardly any international conversation. Mr. Hinkson tied his handkerchief round his neck, and the Canadians tried to look as if they had no objection. We passed through the villages of Montreuil and Buzé. I know we did because momma took down the names, but I fancy they couldn't have differed much from the general landscape, for I don't remember a thing about them. The Misses Bingham came and sat next us at luncheon, which flattered both momma and me immensely, though the Senator didn't seem able to see where the distinction came in, and during this meal they pointed out the fact that Mr. Hinkson was drinking lemonade with his roast mutton, and asked us how we could travel with such a combination. I remember poppa said that it was a combination that Mr. Hinkson and Mr. Hinkson only had to deal with, but momma and I felt the obloquy of it a good deal, though when we came to think of it we were no more responsible for Mr. Hinkson than the Misses Bingham were. After that, walking rapidly behind the guide, we covered centuries of French history, illustrated by chairs and tables and fire-irons and chandeliers and four-post beds. Momma told me afterward that she was rather sorry she had taken me with the guide through Madame du Barry's fascinating Petit Trianon, the things he didn't say

sounded so improper, but when I assured her that it was only contemporary scandal that had any effect on our morals, she said she supposed that was so, and somehow one never did expect people who wore curled wigs and knee-breeches to behave quite prettily. The rooms were dotted with groups of people who had come in flares or by tramway, which made it difficult for the guide to impart his information only to those who had paid for it. He generally surmounted this by saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, I want you to stick closer than brothers. When you hear me a-talkin' don't you go turnin' over your Baedekers and lookin' out of the window. If I didn't know a great big sight more about Versailles than Baedeker does I wouldn't be here makin' a clown of myself; an' I'll show you the view out of the window all in good time. You see that lady an' two gentlemen over there? They're listenin' all right enough because they don't belong to this party an' they want to get a little information cheap price. All right—I let 'em have it!"

At which the lady and two gentlemen usually melted away looking annoyed. I don't think the most unscrupulous could have called our guide a sensitive person.

We were fascinated with the coaches of state and much impressed with the cost of them. As momma said it took so very little imagination to conjure up a Royal Philip inside bowing to the populace.

"What a pity we couldn't have had them over," said poppa indiscreetly.

"Where you mean?" demanded the guide, "over to America? I know—for that ole Chicago show! You are the five hundred American who has said that to me this summer! Number five hundred! Nossir, we don't lend those carriage. We don't even drive them ourself."

"No more kings and queens nowadays," remarked Mr. Hinkson, "this century's got no use for them."

I think the guide was a Monarchist. "Nossir," he said, "you don't see no more kings an' queens of France, but you do see a good many people travelin' that's nothin' like so good for trade."

At which Mr. Pabbly's eye sought that of the guide, and expressed its appreciation in a loud and joyous wink. In the Palace, especially in the picture rooms, there were generally benches along the walls. When momma observed this she arranged that she should go on ahead and sit down and get the impression, while poppa and I caught up from time to time with the guide and the information. The guide was quite agreeable about it, when it was explained to him.

He was either a very thoughtless, or a very insincere person, however. Stopping before the portrait of an officer in uniform he drew us all together. The Canadians, headed by Mr. Pabbly, were well to the fore, and it was to them in particular that he appeared to address himself when he said, "Take a good look at this picture, ladies and gentlemen. There is a man who lives in your history, an' if I may say, in your art—as he does in ours. There's a man, ladies and gentlemen, that helped you on to liberty. Take a good look at 'im, you'll be glad to remember it afterward."

And it was General Lafayette!

CHAPTER VII.

It was after dinner, and we were sitting in the little courtyard of the hotel in the dark without our hats, that is, momma and I, the Senator was never altogether without his hat. I think he would have felt it to be a little indecent. The courtyard was paved, and there were flowers on the stand in the middle of it, natural palms and artificial begonias mixed with the most annoying cleverness, and little tables for coffee cups or glasses were scattered about. Outside beyond the hotel vestibule one could see and hear Paris rolling by in the gaslight. It was the only place in the hotel that did not smell of furniture, so we frequented it. So did Mr. Malt and Mrs. Malt, and Emmeline Malt, and Miss Callis. That was chiefly how we made the acquaintance of the Malt party. You can't very well sit out in the dark in a foreign capital with a family from your own State and not get to know them. Besides, poppa never could overcome his feeling of indebtedness to Mr. Malt. They were taking Emmeline abroad for her health. She was the popular thirteen-year-old only child of American families, and she certainly was thin. I remember being inhumanly pleased, sometimes, considering her in her typical capacity, that I once had a little brother, though he died before I was born.

The two gentlemen were smoking, we could see nothing but the ends of their cigars glowing in their immediate vicinity. Momma was saying that the situation was very romantic, and Mr. Malt had assured her that it was nothing to what we would experience in Italy.

"That's where you get romance," said Mr. Malt, and his cigar end dropped like a falling star as he removed the ash.

"Italy's been romantic ever since B.C., all through the time the rest of the world was inventing Magna Chartas and Doomsday Books, and Parliaments, and printing presses, and steam engines, Italy's gone right on turning out romance. Result is a better quality of that article to be had in Italy to-day than anywhere else. Further result, twenty million pounds spent there annually by tourists from all parts of the civilized world. Romance, like anything else, can be made to pay."

"Are we likely to find the beds," began Mrs. Malt plaintively.

"Oh, dear yes, Mrs. Malt!" interrupted momma, who thought everything entomological extremely indelicate. "Perfectly. You have only to go to the hotels the guide-books recommend, and everything will be quite *propre*."

"Well," said Emmeline, "they may be *propre* in Italy, but they're not *propre* in Paris. We had to speak to the housemaid yesterday morning, didn't we, mother? Don't you remember the back of my neck?"

"We all suffered!" declared Mrs. Malt.

"And I showed one to her, mother, and all she would say was '*jamaïs ici, mademoiselle, ici, jamais!*' And there it was, you know."

"Emmeline," said her father, "isn't it about time for you to want to go to bed?"

"Not by about three hours. I'm going to get up a little music first. Do you play, Miss Wick?"

Momma said she didn't, and Miss Malt disappeared in search of other performers. "Don't you go asking strangers to play, Emmeline," her mother called after her. "They'll think it forward of you."

"When Emmeline leaves us," said her father, "I al-

ways have a kind of abandoned feeling, like a top that's got to the end of its spin."

There was silence for a moment and then the Senator said he thought he could understand that.

"Well," continued Mr. Malt, "you've had three whole days now. I presume you're beginning to know your way around."

"I think we may say we've made pretty good use of our time," responded the Senator. "This morning we had a look in at the Luxembourg picture gallery, and the Madeleine, and Napoleon's Tomb, and the site of the Bastille. This afternoon we took a run down to Notre Dame Cathedral. That's a very fine building, sir."

"You saw the Morgue, of course, when you were in that direction," remarked Mr. Malt.

"Why, no," poppa confessed, "we haven't taken much of a liking for five Frenchmen, up to the present, and I don't suppose dead ones would be any more attractive."

"Oh, there's nothing unpleasant," said Mrs. Malt, "nothing that you can notice."

"Nothing at all," said Mr. Malt. "They refrigerate them, you know. We send our beef to England by the same process—"

"There are people," the Senator interrupted, "who never can see anything amusing in a corpse."

"They don't let you in as a matter of course," Mr. Malt went on. "You have to pretend that you're looking for a relation."

"We had to mention Uncle Sammy," said Mrs. Malt.

"An uncle of Miss Malt's who went to California in '49 and was never heard of afterward," Mr. Malt explained. "First use he's ever been to his family. Well, there they were, seven of 'em, lying there-looking at you yesterday. All in good condition. I was told they have a place downstairs for the older ones."

"Alexander," said momma faintly, "I think I should like a little brandy in my coffee. Were there—were there any ladies among them, Mr. Malt?"

"Three," Mr. Malt responded briskly, "and one of them had her hair—"

"Then please don't tell us about them," momma exclaimed, and the silence that ensued was one of slight indignation on the part of the Malt family.

"You've been seeing the town at all, evenings?" Mr. Malt inquired of the Senator.

"I can't say I have. We've been seeing so much of it in the daytime, we haven't felt able to enjoy anything at night except our beds," poppa returned with his accustomed candor.

"Just so. All the same there's a good deal going on in Paris after supper."

"So I've always been told," said the Senator, lighting another cigar.

"They've got what you might call characteristic shows here. You see a lot of life."

"Can you take your ladies?" asked the Senator.

"Well, of course you *can*, but I don't believe they would find it interesting."

"Too much life," said the Senator. "I guess that settles it for me too. I daresay I'm lacking in originality and enterprise, but I generally ask myself about an entertainment, 'Are Mrs. and Miss Wick likely to enjoy it?' If so, well and good. If not, I don't as a rule take it in."

"He's a great comfort that way," remarked momma to Mrs. Malt.

"Oh, I don't frequent them myself," said Mr. Malt defensively.

"Talking of improprieties," remarked Miss Callis, "have you seen the New Salon?"

There was something very unexpected about Miss Callis, momma complained of it. Her remarks were never polished by reflection. She called herself a child of nature, but she really resided at Brooklyn.

The Senator said we had not.

"Then don't you go, Mr. Wick. There's a picture there—"

"We never look at such pictures, Miss Callis," momma interrupted.

"It's so French," said Miss Callis.

Momma drew her shawl round her preparatory to withdrawing, but it was too late.

"Too French for words," continued Miss Callis. "The poet Lamartine, with a note-book and pencil in his hand, seated in a triumphal chariot, drawn through the clouds by beautiful Muses."

"Oh," said momma, in a relieved voice, "there's nothing so dreadfully French about that."

"You should have seen it," said Miss Callis. "It was simply immoral. Lamartine was in a frock coat!"

"There could have been nothing objectionable in that," momma repeated. "I suppose the Muses—"

"The Muses were not in frock coats. They were dressed in their traditions," replied Miss Callis, "but they couldn't save the situation, poor dears."

Momma looked as if she wished she had the courage to ask Miss Callis to explain.

"In picture galleries," remarked poppa, "we've seen only the Luxembourg and the Louvre. The Louvre, I acknowledge, is worthy of a second visit. But I don't believe we'll have time to get round again."

"We've got to get a hustle on ourselves in a day or two," said Mr. Malt, as we separated for the night. "There's all Italy and Switzerland waiting for us, and they're bound to be done, because we've got circular tickets. But there's something about this town that I hate to leave."

"He doesn't know whether it's the Arc de Triomphe on the Bois de Boulogne or the Opera Comique, or what," said Mrs. Malt in affectionate criticism. "But we've been here a week over our time now, and he doesn't seem able to tear himself away."

"I'll tell you what it is," exclaimed Mr. Malt, producing a newspaper. "It's this little old New York 'Herald.' There's no use comparing it with any American newspaper, and it wouldn't be fair to do so; but I wonder these French rags, in a foreign tongue, aren't ashamed to be published in the same capital with it. It doesn't take above a quarter of an hour to read in the mornings, but it's a quarter of an hour of solid comfort that you don't expect somehow abroad. If the New York 'Herald' were only published in Rome I wouldn't mind going there."

"There's something," said poppa, thoughtfully, as we ascended to the third floor, "in what Malt says."

Next day we spent an hour buying trunks for the accommodation of the unattainable elsewhere. Then

poppa reminded us that we had an important satisfaction yet to experience. "Business before pleasure," he said, "certainly. But we've been improving our minds pretty hard for the last few days, and I feel the need of a little relaxation. D.V. and W.P., I propose this afternoon to make the ascent of the Eiffel Tower. Are you on?"

"I will accompany you, Alexander, if it is safe," said mamma, "and, if it is unsafe, I couldn't possibly let you go without me."

Mamma is naturally a person of some timidity, but when the Senator proposes to incur any danger she always suggests that he shall do it over her dead body.

I forget where we were at the time, but I know that we had only to walk through the perpetual motion of Paris, across a bridge, and down a few steps on the other side, to find the little steamer that took us by the river to the Tower. We might have gone by omnibus or by fiacre, but if we had we should never have known what a street the Seine is, sliding through Paris, brown in the open sun, dark under the shadowing arches of the bridges, full of hastening comers and goers from landing-place to landing-place, up and down. It gave us quite a new familiarity with the river, which had been before only a part of the landscape, and one of the things that made Paris imposing. We saw that it was a highway of traffic, and that the little, brisk, business-like steamers were full of people, who went about in them because it was the cheapest and most convenient way, and not at all for the pleasure of a trip by water. We noticed, too, a difference in these river-going people. Some of them carried baskets, and some of them read the "Petit Journal," and they all comfortably submitted to the good-natured bullying of the mariner in charge. There were elderly women in black, with a button or two off their tight bodices, and children with patched shoes carrying an assortment of vegetables, and middle-aged men in slouch hats, smoking tobacco that would have been forbidden by public statute anywhere else. They all treated us with a respect and consideration which we had not observed in the Avenue de l'Opera, and I noticed the Senator visibly expanding in it. There was also a man and a little boy, and a dog, all lunching out of the same basket. Afterward, on being requested to do so, the dog performed tricks—French ones—to the enjoyment and satisfaction of all three. There was a great deal of politeness and good feeling, and if they were not Capi and Remi, and Vitalis, it was merely because their circumstances were different.

As we stood looking at the Eiffel Tower, poppa said he thought he wouldn't describe it. "It's old news," he said, "and there's nothing the general public dislike so much as that. Every hotel-porter in Chicago knows that it's three hundred meters high, and that you can see through it all the way up. There it is, and I feel as if I'd passed my boyhood in its shadow. That way I must say it's a disappointment. I was expecting it to be more unexpected, if you understand."

Mamma and I quite agreed. It had the familiarity of a demonstration of Euclid and to the non-engineering mind was about as interesting. The Senator felt so well acquainted with it that he hesitated about buying a descriptive pamphlet. "They want to sell a stranger too much information in this country," he said. "The meanest American intelligence is equal to stepping into an elevator and stepping out again." But he bought one nevertheless, and was particularly pleased with it, not only because it was the cheapest thing in Paris at five cents, but because, as he said himself, it contained an amount of enthusiasm not usually available at any price.

(Continued next week.)

TOO OLD.

BY ELLIS HAXDIX.

"You are not going out to-night again, are you, Janey?"

"Yes, ma, I am. Why not?"

"Why, you were out last Tuesday and the Tuesday before. What will Miss Grimshaw think?"

Janey tossed her empty little head. "I'm sure I don't care what she thinks, ma. It's time she had her eyes opened, quite," emphatically. "Any one but her would have seen long ago how—how things were—"

"Don't talk like that, Janey. It does not become you when she's always been so fond of you, and so kind too; I don't feel very easy about it, I can tell you. After them keeping company all these years it does seem too bad. And whatever he may tell you now, everybody has always thought they were properly engaged, though she is so close—"

"Perhaps he wants a change by now," suggested Janey, flippantly, admiring her own pretty face in the shabby pier-glass. "She's so dreadfully plain-looking and too old for anything."

"She was pretty enough once, and she is younger than he is."

"But it is different for a man—and you needn't be nasty about it, ma, for you know you are glad he wants to marry me."

Mrs. Jackson had no reply handy, for the straightforward accusation had the awkwardness of being the truth. She was not specially hard of heart, and would have been as honorable as the majority of her sex, seeing that no woman can aspire to perfect equity, if the exigencies of maintaining her footing on a higher rung of the ladder than Nature or Mr. Jackson's means warranted had permitted her. But womanly sympathies and a lifelong friendship had to go to the wall before the chance of securing an eligible husband for her daughter.

Even a success may have its drawbacks. It was in anything but a comfortable frame of mind that Mrs. Jackson sat and watched the timepiece after Janey's departure. Precisely at six o'clock came the genteel rattle-tat-tat, as it had come at the same hour every Tuesday since Mrs. Jackson possessed a door to be rapped at.

Miss Mary Grimshaw was always punctual. She paid visits as she did every other thing—methodically. In her usual quiet, self-restrained manner she greeted her friend with the customary "Well, Lavinia," and the birdlike peck that did duty for a kiss.

The remembrance of another and historic kiss flashed

into Mrs. Jackson's mind, and for once her sympathy was with the betrayer.

The carefully preserved hat and cloak were daintily laid aside, and then Miss Grimshaw donned her thimble and proceeded to assist in a friendly way with the family mending. "Where is Janey?" she asked, after an interval during which she had cast several anticipatory glances at the room door.

Mrs. Jackson, who had been studying the thin, sal-low, deep-lined face before her with a quite unnecessarily vivid recollection of its one-time dark, rosy beauty, started guiltily.

"She's gone out to spend the evening," she answered, nervously.

"Gone out! Again?" A shadow rested on Mary's worn face. "I am sorry," she said, quietly. "I have not seen her for nearly a month. I have brought her a bit of finery for her neck," extracting, with much trouble, a small tissue-paper parcel from her pocket, and adding, to give the correct touch of depreciation to her gift, "They do get up these lace things—so very cheaply now."

Mrs. Jackson felt hot and choking. She hastily pushed the flimsy thing from her.

"No, no; you give her too much—you are too good to her."

"Nonsense, Lavinia," said her friend, in amaze. "Why shouldn't I give her things? I always have done so. She is like my own, almost. You know if we Chapel folks believed in having godmothers I should have been hers, and I have always felt I had a proprietary claim to her."

"Yes; but—she's not a baby now. She's a young woman and—will take her own ways—"

"So she is. How the years do go!" with a deep, expressive sigh. "She is getting quite grown up. But," with a tender little smile that softened her dark, thin face wonderfully, "Janey will not want to take any bad ways, I know."

"I don't know—"

"Why? What do you mean? You look put out—rather. Has she been vexing you to-day?"

"I was going to say the same thing to you," ignoring the question. "I thought you looked worried when first you came in, and you do look pale to-night. There's nothing but trouble in this world for any of us," willing to lay the blame of her own perfidy on the laws of the universe.

"There's nothing wrong with me—only—perhaps I had better tell you myself—you are sure to hear it—I met Mrs. Hilton (the wretched gossip!) last night. You know it does not take much to set her tongue wagging—but—I am afraid I have been to blame—meeting him here so often—and taking her about everywhere—"

"You mean—about Janey—and—Mr. Burchel?" Mrs. Jackson interposed, with dry lips and crimson face. She would not let things slide as a meaner woman might have done. Though she shrank from the crisis approaching, she would face it out.

"Yes. I do not wonder you are vexed, Lavinia, but you need not mind it at all on my account, and it cannot hurt—Janey, she's so young."

"Well, I am sorry about it—I am indeed. I—I meant to tell you—"

"Had you heard the nonsense, then? But it was not worth repeating. It is too silly."

"Well, there's mostly fire where there is smoke," said Lavinia, with desperate courage. "Mary, you and me have been friends since we were as old as Janey, and I'm sure you know I wouldn't hurt you for the world; but—there's things as we can't help—and may as well face first as last—"

"As—what—sort of things?"

"Well—such as this."

"As—what?"

"You know. I'm sure I had not an idea he had taken a fancy to the child until quite lately. But now the mischief's done it can't be undone and—"

But a look had come into Mary's face and eyes that checked even her friend's chattering tongue. Silent and awed we stand when in the presence of death, and saddest of all deaths is that of a lifelong hope and faith.

Even a shallower heart than Lavinia's would have been touched at the havoc she knew her words had wrought, and before which she sat silent and shame-stricken.

And Mary Grimshaw sat stunned and blinded amid the ruins of the structure that hope and trusting love had been so patiently building up for the last twenty years. But not for long. Pride quickly drew a veil over the sore wound.

Though her face was ghastly and her hands trembled so that she hid them under the work lying in her lap, Mary's lips were drawn tightly back in a forced smile and her voice was fairly steady when she said:

"I do hope Janey has not been silly enough to think Ralph means anything by his absurd little attentions. He never can help fussing after a pretty girl—and the child is that—but he means nothing by it; you might know that, I should think, if she doesn't. However, I will give him a little hint—girls are so easily impressed, especially by a man so much older."

This was too much for Janey's mother.

"My girl isn't easily impressed, anyway. She wouldn't listen to him or have anything to do with him till he spoke out plain and straight about being married."

"Her mother's own daughter, no doubt," with stinging sarcasm.

"Don't let us quarrel, Mary. We can't alter things now. And I always did say you were letting it run on too long. No man can stand so long an engagement; you should have married him out of hand years ago."

This was a cheap way of paying back the last remark and relieving her feelings. No one knew better than herself that it was hope deferred that had stolen Mary's youth and beauty.

"That is a subject I discuss with no one," Mary retorted, with prim dignity.

It was a weary evening to both women. Each in turn and at long intervals made spasmodic and unsuccessful efforts at conversation and both furtively watched the clock. At nine o'clock precisely Mary pocketed her thimble and made preparations for leaving.

"You can tell Janey she need not go next Tuesday. I shall be too busy to come round."

"Why? Have you much work in?"

"Yes. I have a whole set of cushions to ground in cross-stitch," enthusiastically, as if grounding cushions was the mission for which she lived.

And then the two old friends were politely fussy over their leave-taking, and Mary departed to face the anguish in her own shabby, lonely little room.

The thought of all she had borne and given up for Ralph Burchel's sake came to her as she stood waiting for admission at the door of her lodgings. How she had quarreled with one after another of her relatives because she would not part with this shadow of a lover, would not dismiss the man who dangled after her, compromising her by his visits and attention, and yet did not marry her. It came again with redoubled force and tenfold bitterness the next evening, when she succeeded in waylaid her treacherous lover, and when, in answer to her modest reproaches, he turned on her with a blatant laugh and said she must have known all along that he did not mean to marry her. "What had there been to hinder all these years if he had wanted?" he asked. "If she thought he was waiting until she was old enough she had deceived herself; he preferred a younger wife."

"I—am not—old," she gasped, helplessly, bewildered by this cruel flout. "I am only thirty—seven."

"And look fifty-seven," he sneered, brutally.

His callousness maddened her. It swept away all the tender, pathetic speeches she had mentally rehearsed on her way to meet him, and all the gently reproachful, delicate allusions to things that were past. It even carried away the proud reticence and womanly dignity which were her most distinguished characteristics and on the possession of which she most plumed herself. Shaken with passion and pain she cried out frantically: "I will not bear it! You can talk like that after—after everything; I will not suffer and you go free. I can't bear it and I won't. You shall not treat me so cruelly—so inhumanly—without suffering yourself, too."

"I wouldn't go in for play-acting in the public streets if I were you," he answered, coolly. "And if you mean you'll pull me up for damages, you're too late. You haven't a letter of mine that's not more than seven years old. So it is no go. I ascertained that much from my lawyer to-day."

Poor Mary winced. It was being whipped with a red-hot scourge. That after all these years he should think her capable of a coarse, vulgar revenge like a breach of promise action or suspect her of desiring a money salvage for her wounded heart! That this man, whom she had so loved as to shut herself out from every home to which she had a claim lest his delicate sensitiveness should be in danger of being abraded by a chilly welcome or chance slight, should be so mean and unfeeling that he could seek a cold-blooded legal dictum on the safety of deserting her! It was more than even a woman's endurance could stand.

"There is one place at least where your letters—old as they may be—will serve to punish you as you deserve," she sobbed out desperately, after wrestling with her passion in silence for a few minutes. "I will lay them before the church—and let that deal with you."

Ralph Burchel's nonchalance deserted him. His sneering smile vanished and his dark face turned a dirty yellow. Mary's own face paled visibly, too, as she uttered the appalling threat—appalling and intelligible in its full significance only to those acquainted with the inner life and workings of a small Congregational Chapel in a provincial manufacturing town.

"You won't!" he spluttered. "You daren't! It would be worse for you than me. You would only expose yourself and no one ever blames the man for these things."

"Do you think I care? Do you think a woman treated as you have treated me cares for anything—for anything—so long as she can have revenge?"

"You would. You would care a lot. You would not bear to have all the women tittering and turning up their noses at you."

Even as he spoke there came to Mary the sudden recollection of a face with which she had been familiar all her life.

It was an elderly face now, but it must have been a young one when first she knew it. Yet it was repulsive then as now, with the bold, hard look in the eyes and an impudent grin of defiance stereotyped on the full thick lips. It was the face of a woman who attended the same Chapel as Mary herself. A woman who had been excommunicated in her youth for some glaring wrongdoing, but who had, with brazen self-assertion, persisted in occupying her accustomed seat in the place where her sin had been known and judged.

A shiver of horror shook Mary's bony frame, but her face did not relax.

"If I cannot bear it, there is always—death."

"You needn't try to frighten me with that sort of talk," said the one-time tender lover. "I'm not going to be driven by a mad woman. You've had your day and it's Janey's turn now, so you may as well make the best of it and not threaten what you know you won't be such a fool as to do."

"Won't I?" cried Mary, sobbing with outraged passion. "Won't I? I'll bring every one of your letters to your father to-morrow, and as he's senior deacon he'll have to put them before the church. If I can't punish you I'll disgrace you, and that's worse."

Only those who have gone through the same deep waters can understand the transport of maddened rage that now possessed Mary Grimshaw. Her face was so distorted and ghastly when she reached home that her landlady cried out in sympathy. Mary pushed hastily past her, muttering she had got a toothache, and locked herself in her room.

If she had relaxed the tight rein with which she held herself in sufficiently to speak she would probably have screamed aloud and fallen into violent hysterics. But she would not allow herself that luxury. All night she sat upright, rigid, in her chair, striving with all her might not to think lest she should go mad.

It was not grief or self-pity she felt; it was rage—blinding, maddening rage—all the more agonizing because of its impotence. She could revenge herself though she could not prevent his marrying; she did not want to wring Janey's heart, but she could and would wreak vengeance on him by holding him up to scorn and ridicule and having him expelled from the church. But she could not undo the past. She could

not live over again the years she had wasted. She had been a blind, besotted fool and she could never blot out from her own remembrance the humiliation of her folly. Her anger at herself choked her and tore at her breast. She longed to beat and buffet herself, but the habit of decorum was too strong. She felt it would be undignified and look silly.

There were dark purple shadows round her eyes and a broad white mark about her mouth when she left home next day with the bundle of letters in her little handbag. Though her errand was so momentous she walked very slowly, often stopping to look in at the shop-windows. In one of them a picture of a baby—one of those chubby, dimpled, radiantly happy babies that artists are so fond of painting—caught her eye and she stood long gazing at it. It reminded her of Janey Jackson when she was a baby. Poor little Janey! What a good little mite she had been in those days, and how often had she comforted Mary's lonely heart by her loving ways. A softer look had crept into the haggard face before the journey was resumed.

Leaving the town behind her Mary, in spite of her languid movements, was soon in the suburbs, and here she moved along more quickly until she reached St. Mark's Church. St. Mark's was a neat little church that had apparently been erected to be in readiness when the surrounding vacant land should be built upon. At present it stood quite alone on the roadside.

As Mary passed she heard the choristers practicing and stopped to listen to the singing. Their sweet boy-voices rang out clear and silvery in the soft evening stillness. As she listened Mary's head dropped until it rested on the iron railing and her face was hidden. They were singing an anthem that she had often helped to sing, side by side with Ralph in the old, old days when his love was warm and eager, and, for her, his presence was enough to turn the ugly cramped gallery where the singers sat into the golden gates of Paradise.

The cruel, toilsome years dropped away and she saw him once again as the bright, brave, ardent lover he had been in those days. Her heart softened toward him, and the chain of her agony loosened a little as she cried softly, resting her face against the cool, unresponsive iron.

"Is anything the matter, missis? Can I do aught for you?"

She started up hastily at the unexpected question, and met the peering gaze of a pair of kindly blue eyes.

It was a white-haired old man who had been attracted by her sobbing, and who, when she had answered in the negative, patted her shoulder soothingly and said: "Cheer up, missis. Put your trust in the Lord, my lass, there's always comfort to be had there. Though thy father and mother forsake thee, the Lord will take thee up," and, with another pat, he went his way to his night's work.

Mary's face was very white and rigid when next she raised it, but she resumed her journey, walking more steadily and quickly than before, and did not pause once until she reached her destination.

But once there the conflict began again, and she walked backward and forward past the door many times before she rang the bell and asked to see Mr. Burchel. Her voice was so choked and strange that the maid scarcely knew what she said, and, when she was shown into the drawing-room, asked:

"Is it Mr. Burchel or Mr. Ralph you wish to see, ma'am?"

Mary's face worked so fiercely for a moment that the girl was frightened. She knew Miss Grimshaw by sight and was afraid she had offended her by the question. She was only too glad to beat a hasty retreat when Mary repeated "Mr. Burchel."

Quick as were her movements she had not closed the door when Mary spoke again, still in the same thick whispering voice:

"It is Ralph I want. Is he in the house?"

"Yes'm. I'll tell him."

When Mary was left alone she took the letters from the handbag; she did not sit down, but stood holding them to her breast, close by the door.

She did not guess that Ralph had seen her coming and had decided to capitulate. His love toward himself far outweighed his regard for Janey or any one else; and rather than have his much-prized respectability assailed he was prepared to forego his desires.

Mary heard him descending the stairs and her heart leaped at the sound of his footstep, as it had never failed to do in all the long years since she first listened to it. She did not look at him when he entered the room (and so was spared the sight of the cringing, insidious smile with which he greeted her), but stretched out her hands holding the packet toward him, turning away her face.

"Here are your letters," she said; "do what you will with them—and—be good to Janey."

He snatched at the packet, and when he had it in his own hand looked at her doubtfully.

She answered his look, though she did not see it. "They are all there—every one. You need not examine them. I suppose you can trust me," she said, bitterly.

He assured her, with effusion, that he could; that she was too generous; but she had always been too good to him, and they would always be good friends, and for old sake's sake—

But Mary shrank from the proffered embrace, putting up her hands to keep him off and looking at him for the first time. "Open the door and let me go. For God's sake—let me go, let me go!" she moaned.

Frightened at her dreadful look he opened the door with all speed, and, as she did not avail herself of it, but stood swaying her body to and fro, moaning under her breath, he took her by the arm and gently piloted her through the hall and out into the road. He felt it would be unpleasant and inconvenient if his father should see her so agitated, and he knew she would recover when she got outside.

"By Gad! She must have cared for me and no mistake," he muttered, more complacent than regretful. "But how these dark women go off their looks; she looks a regular old hag. And now for pretty little Janey," hugging himself as he thought of his new love, while watching his old one safely out of sight round the corner of the road.



The Parting of Hector and Andromache.

—Lovers, p. 17, Vol. One.

(Specimen page of illustrations of "The Lovers of the World.")

"The Pledge of Many a Loved and Loving Dame."

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BY EDGAR SALTUS.

THE millennium is no nearer than it used to be, man continues to devise new ways of outdoing beasts. In France a fortnight ago a father was condemned for torturing a child to death. He made it fight with a dog for its food, stand barefooted on a burning stove and struck it with a hot iron when it tried to escape. It is said that the child cried very little, but that the color passed from its eyes. In one of Zola's novels there is an account of a father who must have been that man's brother. Coincidentally at a meeting of the Aborigines Protection Society in London a report was heard concerning the atrocities committed by the Belgians in Congo, from which it appeared that in the India-rubber fields natives are shot and sometimes before they are dead their right hands are cut off. These hands are smoked in order that they shall keep, and are then sent to headquarters as an assurance of subordinate zeal. One speaker testified that he had seen a baby, clinging, still alive, with a bloody stump where its right hand had been to the breast of its murdered mother. In Bangkok about the same time a girl tried to elope. Her parents undertook to break one after another every bone in her body. The process lasted fifteen days, at the expiration of which the girl, fortunately for herself, expired. Her executioners, executed by six drunken headsmen, were hacked in a manner which is reported to have been horrible to contemplate. Meanwhile Armenia is hushed, Cuba is dumb, and the world goes on as before.

"Wanted, a disease," is the title which it would be pertinent to give to the strange story of blue blooms that comes from Florida. A few years ago the waters near Palatka became beautiful with the hyacinth. Along the river front it grew in such luxuriance that the flowers attracted travelers. Up and down the stream they were carried, spreading their loveliness wherever they fell. The St. John's and its tributaries turned colorful with them. Florida had a new delight, a fresh enticement, another lure. Presently storms came. The blue blooms, tossed by currents, massed themselves into enormous tangles that caught and stayed the paddle-wheels of vessels which passed that way. In their long embrace they caught timber, too, barricaded the waters with logs rafted to the mills, and in times of flood menaced the bridges with their weight. Fishermen ceased to fish. Navigation was becoming impossible. Last year up the river from Lake George these plants expanded in a solid unbroken jungle for twenty-five miles. Through it no boat could go. The loss which ensued was notable. Beauty had changed into disaster. Thereupon the doom of the blue blooms went forth. But how to destroy the destroyer, how to check its colorful and culpable career? That is the problem. Its solution consists in the discovery of a disease, some insidious fungus which, planted there, shall eat the hyacinth away. There in outline is a story which, told by another Poe and illustrated by another Doré, might become another classic.

M. Duclaux, Pasteur's successor at the Institute, has made recently some profitable observations on the cannibalism of the Leucocytes—the White Globules who reside literally "in our midst"—and of the policeman who they exercise in our behalf. According to his account, their favorite tidbit is a microbe. When in their peregrinations they find one, they seize it in a tentacle, draw it to themselves, incorporate it, shred it into granules, and annihilate its every trace. Then they hunt for others, and continue to hunt until they have dined when M. Duclaux declares he has seen them loll, "gorged with bacilli." A self-constituted patrol, floating through the body in the blood, they have the ability to penetrate the tissues, and as they are constantly making their rounds they always find something to do. But in addition to them stationary troops have been noticed which guard the nervous centers and pounce on any unwary microbe that happens their way. M. Duclaux concludes that our defense against the enemy is wholly dependent on the agencies which keep these living cells active and well. Certain things, as cold for instance, plays the very mischief with them. It really paralyzes them, does them up, renders them incompetent to make their rounds, and leaves them untempted even by the succulent bacilli.

Apropos to which Mr. Malcolm Morris in a recent contribution to the "Nineteenth Century" points out the unprecedented progress which latterly the treatment of diseases and the study of medicine have made. We know enough about drugs now to do without them. But when our grandfathers were less wise what lovely times they had! Fifty years ago the average practitioner was little wiser than Hippocrates. The treatment of diseases of the skin had advanced hardly at all beyond Hunter's division of such affections into those which sulphur or mercury might cure and those which even the devil couldn't. Pathology was a mere notebook of post-mortem appearances, empty and unserviceable as the hands of the dead. The world of bacteriology was then unexplored. The stride, too, which surgery has taken is prodigious. It is practically a new science founded on two discoveries—anesthetics and antiseptics—which in cases of amputation have diminished mortality from fifty to five per cent and rendered possible operations of which the old school never dreamed. The interior of the living body can now be carved almost as readily as inanimate matter; it cannot only be carved, with the electric searchlight and the Roentgen rays it can be seen. If the next fifty years show advances as great, disease may not be throttled but perhaps pain will.

A Hornellsville merchant has been arrested for opening a letter addressed to his wife. He only got what he

deserved. The fact that a man has the opportunity, and, in many countries, the right, to exercise a surveillance of that description should prevent him from doing so. A husband loses nothing in affecting to believe in his wife. He loses nothing in holding his tongue. Besides, confidence is not to be commanded. And as for jealousy, while it is one of the compliments which are appreciated least, it is the most useless of all. It never heightens affection in the heart of another and in some of its manifestations it will corrode an affection more surely than anything else. Then, too, a man of tact never sees or hears anything which was not intended for him. In certain localities a husband may still pound on the table, glare at his wife and propound the archaic question—Who is the master? And it is still a problem whether in so doing he is right or he is wrong. In polite society it is a matter of general agreement that the better course for a man is to let a woman have her way. For if she cares for him her way will be his way, and if she does not care for him she is bound to have her own.

Mr. Abram S. Hewitt in a recent address to the Children's Aid Society declared that large wealth and good citizenship were not compatible. But we must not believe everything which Mr. Hewitt says. He is at once an admirable citizen and a very rich man. It is true that there are mighty few like him, a fact which may have superinduced his remark. It is true, also, that now and then the State will do what it can to discourage good citizenship in men of wealth. But even so a good citizen is a happy citizen, and, while wealth never has and never will create happiness in its possessor, it is always a handy thing to have about the house. If you can't spend it on yourself you can spend it on others, and in so doing obtain an understanding, unobtainable otherwise, of just what those active abstractions ingratitude and envy are. The wiser a man is the greater his power for good. And no man is wise, and by the same token no man is good, who is unable to comprehend the failings of others. Great wisdom means great charity, and great wealth should be conducive to both. If it rarely is, it is not in the possessions but in the possessor that the fault resides.

In reply to Mr. Stead who recently asked could anything be done to secure the conservation of the English tongue, Ouida advocates death to nine out of every ten publishers, death to ninety and nine out of every hundred British authors, the entire submersion of this country together with the quarantine and muzzling of all who escape. Sir Edwin Arnold, as befits a poet, is milder and less homicidal. He advocates the recognition among literary people of the responsibilities which arise from the heritage of the speech of Shakespeare and of Milton. On the other hand, Mr. Strachey, editor of the "Cornhill Magazine," sees no need of an effort at conservation. To put English in a strait-waistcoat would, in his opinion, ruin it, and he quotes with fine effect Dryden's boast that he traded with both the living and the dead for the enrichment of language. Mr. Strachey, who is seldom wrong, is right. One might as well object to a new woman as to a new word. Besides, who is to give alms to literature if it be not the wealthy among its parvenus. That, however, is not the idea of Mr. Drummond, who, "az a skolar, az a student," says "I do not think," etc., etc. The views of a skolar and a student who does not think are not, however, worth recording even though the conservation of the Queen's English be at stake.

The reform of the Ottoman Empire is adjourned sine die. For the first time in his wretched life the Sultan is sultan, Commander of the Faithful, indeed. The son of an Armenian slave, reared in the shamelessness and illiteracy of a seraglio, instructed only in the superstitions and vices of Soudanese and Circassian attendants, ignorant of history, ignorant of everything, prevented even from looking at a European newspaper, such was Abdul Hamid's preparation for the caliphate. A witness of all the intrigues of the harem, of the attempt to poison the heirs of Abdul Medjid, and of the brief mad reign of Murad, his natural pusillanimity was heightened by the spectacles which he beheld. When the throne was his, from coward he turned tyrant, but a tyrant after the fashion of Bomba, who kept himself well protected from the assassin's knife. His personal safety and the care necessary to preserve it made little less than a monomaniac of him. The hill of Yildiz Kiosk he surrounded with a triple fortification and built a mosque in it, in order that he might attend the selamluk—as he is compelled to do—but without issuing from his safe retreat. The descendant of generations of drunkards, white-livered, consumptive, tempestuous in anger, prejudiced and unprincipled, he is the Sick Man indeed, but just at present he has no intention whatever of permitting himself to be dissected.

When Rossetti's Blessed Damozel leaned from the golden bar of heaven it may be remembered that she saw the earth spinning "like a fretful midge"—a comparison which, if graphic, is not, it now appears, exact. Science has a new theory concerning the shape of the earth. In days remote it was generally regarded as quite flat. A few years ago an itinerant theologian—a colored gentleman, if I remember correctly—was very vehement on the subject and denounced as heretics those who held the contrary view. In the interim belief had become general that the earth is shaped like an orange. Now, however, M. de Lapparent, a French geodesist, is abroad with a fresh conception. He has been looking out for something to explain a discrepancy between the calculations of astronomers as to the precise ratio of flattening at the poles. One makes it a two-hundred-and-ninety-seventh, the other a two-hundred-and-ninety-fourth. There is a reason for this, and M. de Lapparent finds it deep in the deep basin of which Nansen has told. The North Polar basin corresponds in area, he says, to Ross's South Polar continent. Nansen's soundings, moreover, are of the same order as Ross's calculations for altitude. As a consequence M. de Lapparent maintains that the earth is shaped like a top, with its broad end at the north and its point at the south.

This is the season when birds of a feather flock together and wonder where they shall go. I wish I might instruct them, but I can't. Concerning the charms of Western resorts I may characterize my ignorance as abysmal. Concerning Southern intervals I know about as much. But with the coast from here up I am sufficiently acquainted to hazard a few remarks. The best frequented resorts are Southampton, New London, Narragansett Pier, Newport, and Bar Harbor. In the last-named you get the Aurora Borealis, stiff breezes, and, if you happen to be in a hotel, precious little to eat. Southampton is famous for its golf and New London for the quality of its gossip. In Newport there is all the tra la la of town life tempered and aromatized by the savors of the sea. People with a hundred thousand a year like it well enough to reside there six months out of twelve. People with less admire it from afar and avoid it with care. Narragansett used to be very nice and surprisingly cheap. Latterly it has been suspected of being rowdy and has been found quite dear. In a Florida hotel I once read on a door the following legend, "The price of this room is twenty-five dollars per day and upward." The "and upward" delighted me. It must have delighted wanderers from Narragansett also, for notices quasi-similar are now discoverable there.

Mr. Labouchere thinks it would be a good idea for the English government to sell patents of nobility and to permit as many rich snobs as liked to purchase dukedoms, baronies and marquises. I think so, too. Dignities don't decrease the length of the ears, but perhaps crowns and coronets conceal them. Besides, if the plan worked well over there, it might be found to work well here. American men don't care much for titles, but in certain circles women do. And they are right in so doing. A title can be divided, a prince makes a princess, whereas a man of brains can't share his intellect with a fool. Now if our heiresses were permitted to purchase for themselves—and without the necessity of having a foreigner thrown in—such lovely handles for their names as marchioness or vicomtesse there would be enough of these girls left for home consumption and one of the aching voids of the Treasury might be filled. It would be serviceable, too, in other ways. A woman who marries a second time does not deserve to have lost her first husband, particularly when the loss has been the result of judicial decree. But in circumstances such as these there are women who wish to rid themselves of the name of that husband and who do not care to resume their own. Were titles for sale, in a jiffy could they transform themselves from Mrs. Albert Smith into the Princess of Twothousandandone Fifth Avenue. After all why not? The State would be benefited, no one would be injured, and the lady be at last content.

The conviction of Booth-Tucker, chief of the local Salvation Army, for maintaining a public nuisance, is more commendable than his defense. One of the arguments advanced in extenuation was to the effect that the noise created was an exact reproduction of the old Mosaic style of worship. Another argument was a variation on *Tu quoque*. It was alleged that the neighbors tried to outdo with profane tin kettles the blare of religious brass. In regard to the former plea it is serviceable to note that among the old Hebrew rites there were several, the reproduction, exact or otherwise, of which would be a misdemeanor where it did not happen to be a felony. In regard to the second argument it presupposes on the part of the defendant either a weak intellect or determined zeal to assume that the cause of religion can be served by irritating a community into the apoplexies of resistance. The winning of the human soul is better accomplished by spiritual enthrallments than by physical distress. Were I a lamb that had strayed from the flock I should be more readily lured by woodland words and woodland pipe than by Prayers of Agony and Grand Hallelujah Eye-openers, however Mosaic and even Chaldaic they might be. The intentions of Mr. Booth-Tucker are undoubtedly of the best, but his methods are out of date everywhere and out of place in New York.

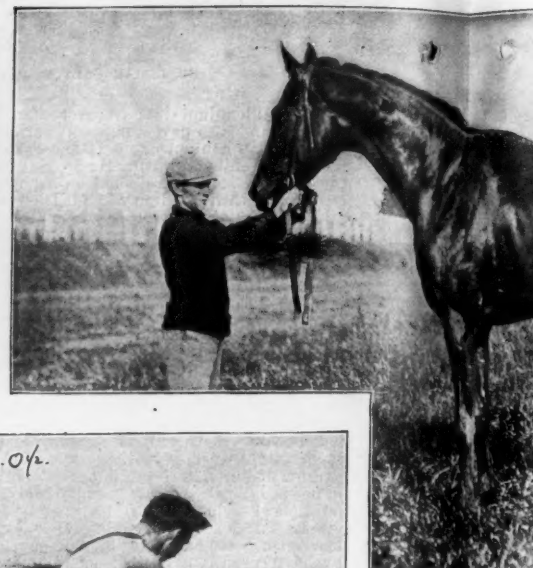
Now that the consolidation of the Astor, Tilden and Lenox Libraries has been consummated and only the construction of the building itself remains to complete the programme, it is pertinent and proper to assume that we are to have something decent at last. Hitherto the lack of literary material and conveniences has been a disgrace to the city. The inefficiency and discomfort of the Astor has been such that students have preferred to go without than to go there at all. The term "go without" is used for the reason that there was not here another library suitable for reference purposes to which they could betake themselves. Those whose work demanded it and whose purse could afford it went to Paris, to London, to Berlin, where institutions of this order are splendid, spacious and well served, where it is a pleasure instead of a nuisance to work, where you are facilitated instead of hampered, treated as a guest instead of an intruder, and where you may not only work but lunch as well. It is proper and pertinent, then, in view of the consolidation of collections and funds recently effected here, to assume that we are to have something of that character at last, something not built for mere books but for book-lovers, not for librarians but for students of ken.

The recent attempt of Vittorio Malfatti to float on Lake Nemi a vessel submerged there and which is believed to be one of Caligula's yachts, revives interest in that emperor beside whom William the Sudden is a baby in arms. Caligula was a mad poet, sceptered at that. And with what a scepter! One that stretched from the Rhine to the Euphrates, dominated a hundred and fifty million people, lashed the earth and beckoned the moon. Rome then was hushed. The world was very still. Anterior reigns had been marked by defeats and disasters. Caligula feared that through sheer felicity his own might be forgot. A famine, a pest, a terrific conflagration, any prodigious calamity that should sweep millions away, would have delighted him. But there was nothing. On the frontiers not so much

(Continued on page 18.)



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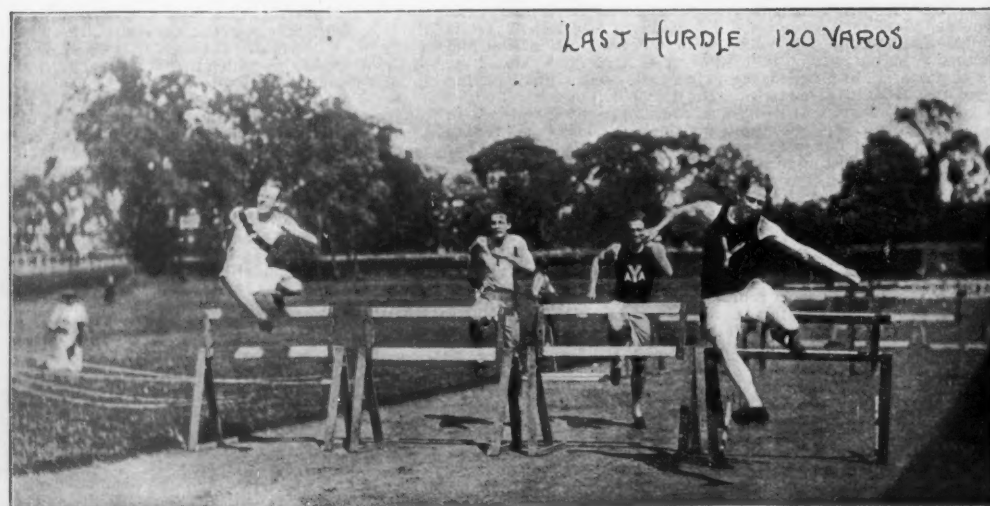
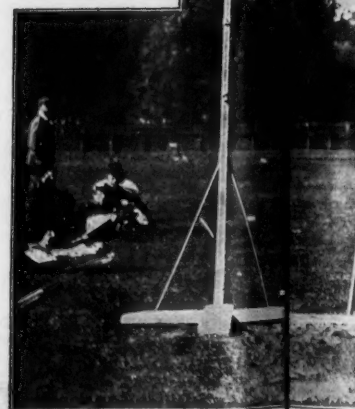
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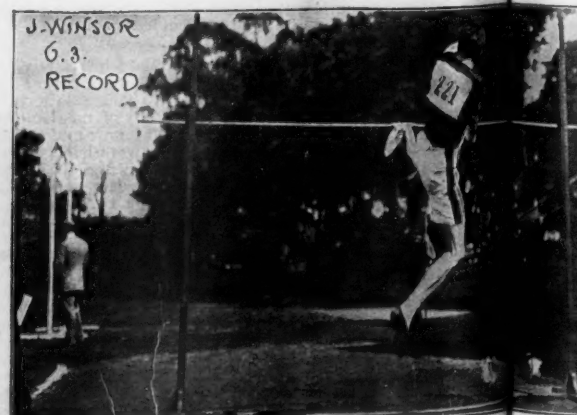
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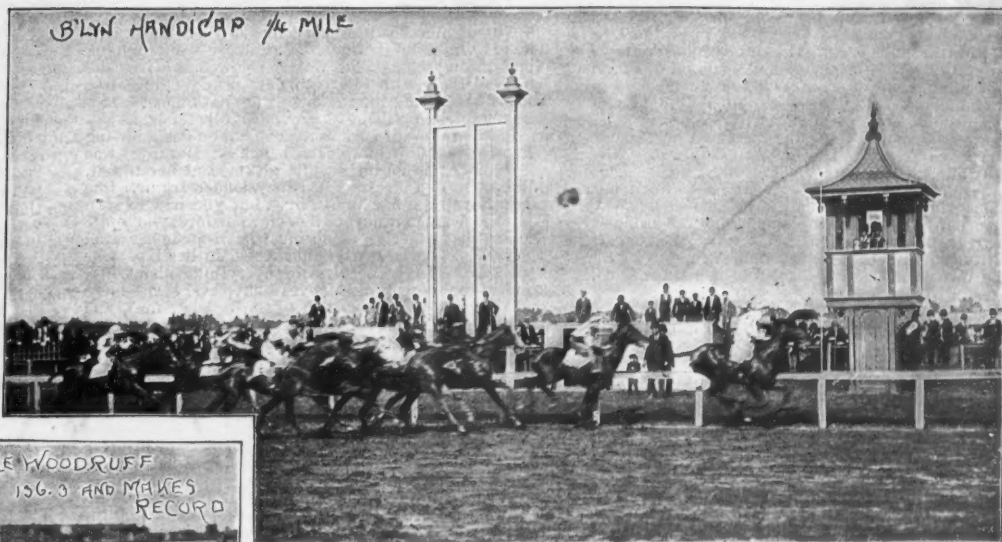


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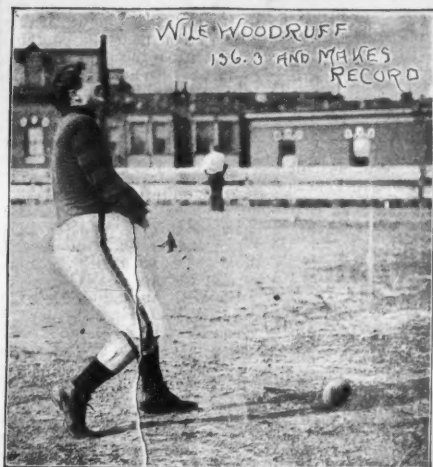
HOWARD MANN WINNER



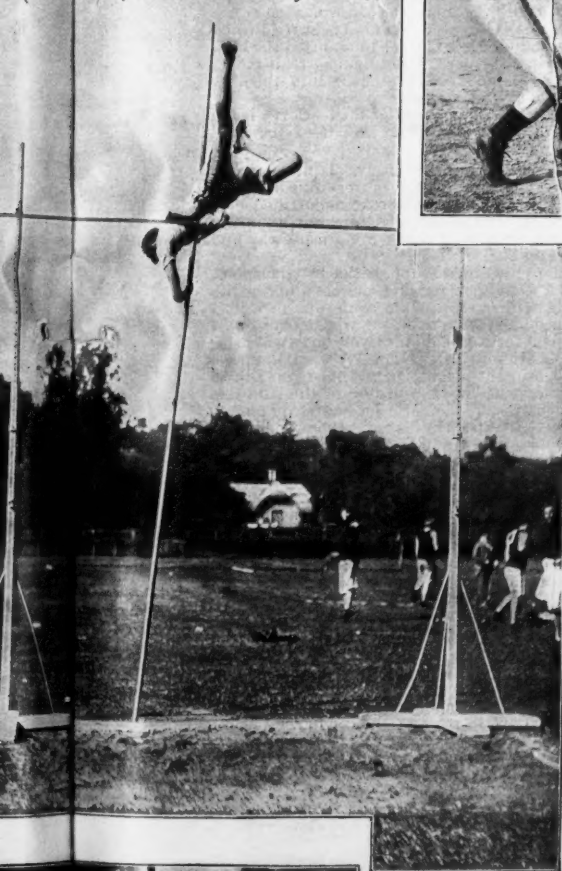
B'LYN HANDICAP 1/4 MILE



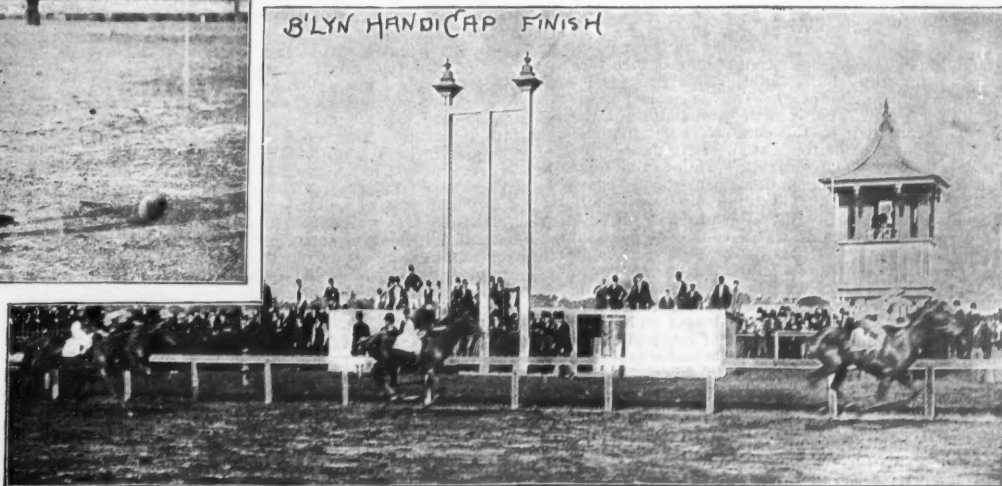
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HOYT OF HARVARD POLE VAULT



B'LYN HANDICAP FINISH



WEIGHING IN



OUR NOTE-BOOK.

(Continued from page 7.)

as the rumor of an insurrection could be detected. The health of the empire was excellent, and Nero was yet to come. Perplexed, Caligula reflected. Then presently from Baie to Puzzoli, over the waters of the bay he galloped on horseback. The intervening miles had been spanned by a bridge of ships and on them a road had been built, one of those roads for which the Romans were famous, a road like the Appian Way, bordered by inns, by pink arcades and green retreats. So many ships were anchored there that through the unrepented granaries of Rome the fear of famine stalked. Caligula meanwhile, his guests behind him, made cavalry charges across the sea, or in a circus-chariot held the ribbons while four white horses, maddened by swaying lights, bore him to the other shore. The bridge was one great festival, brilliant but brief. At a signal the multitude of guests he had assembled there were tossed and drowned in the sea. That was his bid for fame.

By way of souvenir, Tiberius, whom he murdered, left him a sum that amounted to four hundred million of our money. In a year it was spent. Caligula was radiant. He had achieved the impossible. He was a bankrupt god, an emperor without a copper. Meanwhile, he had tipped a coachman a million, rained on the people a hail of coin; bathed in essences; drunk pearls dissolved in wine; set before his guests loaves of silver, gold omelets, sausages of gems. He had removed a mountain and put a palace where it stood; filled in a valley and erected a temple on the top; supplied a horse with a marble home, with ivory stalls, with furniture and slaves. He had contemplated making that horse a consul. He made him a host instead, one that in his own equine name invited the fashion of Rome to supper. Meanwhile, also, he had sailed to the hum of harps on a ship that had porticoes, gardens, bowers, spanned sails and a jeweled prow. If that be the yacht which Vittorio Malfatti is endeavoring to float, it is well worth the effort.

Grand Rapids is the head center of the furniture industry of the United States. Business there is reported to be much depressed. The cause is not attributed to the Tariff, nor yet to the belating of the boom. The condition of the country is not blamed, neither are the crops or the season. It is the bicycle that is denounced. The manufacturers allege that once upon a time men and women used to pass every spare moment they had at home cogitating there how it could be embellished. They say that the purchase of new parlor chairs and whatnots was a source of constant preoccupation to every self-respecting citizen throughout the land; but that now, *houp-la*, no sooner has a man attended to his usual avocations than he is off on his bike with his wife or his sister or somebody else's sister in tow, that his thoughts are no longer on brocade but on the wheel, and that it is six of one and half a dozen of the other to him whether the parlor table has one leg or ten so long as it doesn't fall down. And so much the better. There was a time, and it coincides with the date to which the manufacturers refer, when over the land there passed a wave denominated Decorative Art and which resulted in more abominations than an army of stenographers could shake their pencils at. The tawdry hideousness and discomfort of the articles manufactured, displayed and purchased would have dismayed a wilderness of guerrillas. I never knew where they came from and I am loath to suspect Grand Rapids. But if they did, then the bicycle is doing grand work not alone for the general health of the community but for its taste as well.

Apocryphal to the bicycle Li Hung Chang says that the ladies of China deserted their homes and their husbands for its superior charms over twenty centuries ago. As there is no one in position to contradict him he might as well have said forty. Better even, for it would have added that much interest to the tale. In view of it, however, I may signal him to the attention of cyclists in France. At present they are praying for a patron saint. They should take him. St. Catherine has been recommended; so, too, has St. Germain. But such titles as they possess are inferior to his. St. Catherine, it is true, is the patron of those who braid her tresses, and as cycling, in promoting feminine independence, militates against marriage, she is not to be sneezed at in the least. Moreover, was she not once condemned to be broken on a wheel and did she not miraculously escape? Such things deserve consideration. As for St. Germain his claims, if important, are less weighty. They consist chiefly in the fact that he rode over the waves on a cartwheel to Normandy while attired in the insignia of the episcopate. There is no denying that that was a feat, a tour de force unequalled yet. But what is it, what are the titles of St. Catherine even, beside Li Hung Chang's century runs? It is he who should be patron saint not only of the cyclists of France but of the cyclists of the entire world.

Tomkins—"Tell you, old man, I have a scheme now that absolutely requires no capital and is a sure winner every time. I am going to get rich."

Green—"You wouldn't let a fellow join, would you?"

"Well, seeing as it is you, I will let you in for twenty-five dollars."

"Oh, well, twenty-five dollars is not much to risk on a good thing. Here it is, and now tell me what your scheme is."

"That's it."

"What's it?"

"That is. Haven't I just made twenty-five dollars out of it?"

NEW TIME TABLE ON THE WEST SHORE.

A new time table will be issued by the West Shore Railroad May 30th. An important change is made on its Day Express, which will leave New York at ten o'clock instead of nine, as heretofore. Another important change is in the arrival of the Boston and New York Express in New York at 3:30 p. m. instead of 3:30, as in the past. Both of these changes in shortening the time on these already fast trains will be appreciated by the traveling public. There are also many improvements in the local service. Copy of the new schedule can be had upon application at any of the West Shore ticket offices.

A SUICIDE AT SEA.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

THE steamer had already started when I first saw her. It was a lovely June day, and we were slipping along through silky blue water, below a sky frescoed here and there with little fantastic pearly clouds, like flocks of vagrant swans. There were not many passengers, and none of them I knew. But all seemed as gay as the weather—all save her. She sat on deck, having chosen one of its rear wooden benches. Her dress was very simple; something white gleamed at her throat, and browns and blacks vested her slender frame. She might have been five-and-twenty, but you had to scan well the wan delicacy of her face before you quite decided that suffering alone must have made her seem older. Both dark-gloved hands rested in her lap. She appeared perfectly heedless of everything about her. She had the most beautiful eyes I have ever seen—large and gray and fathomless; they glorified her face, and they were infinitely pensive. It shot through my mind "How many tears they must have wept!" They looked straight ahead, too plainly seeing nothing of the jocund and scintillant sea that fronted them. I wondered if other people would notice their hopeless and helpless gaze. Unconsciously and with a simplicity that pierced my soul, she appealed to me in terms of absolute despair. Every line of her figure, too, accorded, by some mysterious sympathy, with this rapid impression of her wretchedness.

Till nightfall she sat there, immovable. The faultless weather continued. There was no moon, but the starlight shone almost vivid enough to mimic one, and I kept getting glimpses of her fixed, colorless face, which now haunted me more and more. Often since that night I have been at sea, but never do I hear the peculiar harmonious hissing and rushing sound which a vessel gives when it sails through placid stretches of ocean, without memories of those desolated features, that plaintless yet woe-begone air.

Meanwhile I had got to know a certain table-companion, and had told him of how this lady's evident misery had touched me. He was a Frenchman, who gave me his name as Guigean, a dapper little person, with florid cheeks, big curvilinear mustaches and teeth sparklingly white. He spoke English with great fluency, and I could readily believe him when he informed me that he had mastered several other tongues. "She is evidently a most unhappy woman," he had told me, after having glanced, during the afternoon, at this forlorn object of my sudden and acute sympathy.

Something in his tone made me start and clasp his arm. I felt certain, just from those few words, that she was now the object of his sympathy, no less than mine. In a rich, intuitive flash, I felt more—that he, whoever he was, had a nature amply receptive to compassion.

"I have crossed before on this line," he said, after the tragic stranger, who now equally concerned us both, had departed from her shadowy lodge below the huge smokestacks and their concomitant masses of iron equipment, and while the bland, marine June stars seemed to drop lower, like mellowing fruit from invisible boughs. "Frankly, I have grown to dislike our captain very much; he is a man of hard, harsh disposition; he is capable of cruel acts. I know that on this same ship he has committed several which have made him unpopular both among his fellow-officials and the common sailors besides. But the second officer, Mr. Gladwyn, is of a widely different type. Of him I will make certain inquiries, and join you later."

And later, that same evening, Monsieur Guigean did join me, in the smoking-room. "Gladwyn tells me," he said, "that she has registered simply as a Mrs. Verschöyle. She has a cabin all to herself, and neither he nor any one else knows the faintest item concerning her. As we have observed, she has not yet appeared in the dining-room, and since her retirement into lower quarters she has given no order whatever to any of the servants."

This information reached me at about nine o'clock. Before ten, while I sat with a novel in one of the upper saloons, Guigean appeared at my side. All the ruby had slipped from his cheeks; all his galliard jauntiness had gone; he still looked like the Frenchman he was, and yet like that most mournful of things, a Frenchman who has lost his gaiety.

"It is terrible," he stammered, leaning down and brushing my cheek with one stiff curve of his mustache. "Do you—can you—dream what that poor woman has done to herself?"

I rose. I can hear now the soft, rattling thud of my novel as it fell upon the floor.

"Not—suicide?"

"Yes. Cyanide of potassium. She must have rung for the stewardess just before she drank it. They found her dead, and the bottle—a dose to kill an ox—was clutched in one hand."

I felt my blood freeze. "It was in her face," I faltered. "That is what I saw there. She was not alone on that wooden bench. Death, all the while, crouched beside her, tempting her!"

"The captain," my new acquaintance went on, "is furious. Our voyage to Glasgow will not be a brief one, and he has determined to bury her at once—to-night—before the passengers get wind of her death."

"Bury her!" I gasped.

"Don't you understand? Throw her into the sea, cased in a pine box, with stone or leaden weights that will instantly sink it."

"But her friends in Glasgow?" I hurried. "Might not such an act prove to them the severest of trials?"

"No evidence has been found that she possesses any friends either in Glasgow or elsewhere. She came on board with only two small portmanteaus and a steamer trunk. In these not a trace of her identity has been gained."

"But, still—" I began.

Monsieur Guigean cut me short. "I know what you would say. To fling her into the sea, like this, is a horror. My friend, the second officer, is grinding his teeth. But he can do nothing. The captain—you've seen him, with his red whiskers, and his burly frame, and his arrogant Scotch scowl—is imperious and also

impervious. The funeral (if one may dignify it by such a name) will take place at midnight. I am sworn to secrecy by the second officer, though I told him I might break my word to you, because of the interest that poor creature has roused in you."

"Interest!" I groaned. "Say, rather, immeasurable pity! Think," I went on, "what anguish this brutal burial may cause to parents, sisters, brothers—possibly to some one of nearer and dearer relation—who may now be awaiting her arrival in Scotland!"

Monsieur Guigean nodded. "The second officer has pleaded with the captain in just those terms. But he is not only a boor of vulgarity. He is also a bigot of grossest superstition."

"Superstition?"

"Yes; in this way: He believes that to carry a corpse on the ship will bring it ill luck."

"And he cannot be reasoned out of this folly?"

"Can the despotism of a cyclone be reasoned out of its savagery? He will have it so; that is all. If you are on the lower deck by midnight you will see the burial. I shall be there. The captain may not like it, but he will not presume to oppose your presence otherwise than by one of his grim scowls."

Within a few minutes of twelve the preparations had begun. My heart thumped against my side as I stole, in the company of Monsieur Guigean, to a certain dimly-lighted portion of the lower deck. Six or seven sailors were standing about a long pine box. A few passengers, all men, had already gathered here, having learned the grisly news, heaven knew how. The second officer stood near the captain, his head bowed, his lips drawn into a tense line of pain. The captain, with suppressed wrath and disgust, was murmuring to him certain gruff words which I wholly failed to catch. In another instant he gave the sailors a commanding gesture. Three of them went nimbly forward and loosed a broad segment of the trawling. Soon between ourselves and the vast starlit ocean there spread an open space across which the least chance stumble might have tossed you into eternity.

Then came silence. All was ready. "Horrible!" I heard Guigean whisper in my ear. The swash and rustle of the tranquil water, plowed by our speeding ship, gave to the stillness an accent of awe.

The captain raised his hand. A man near me turned away with an audible sob. Four sailors lifted the box. As they did so a long, soft, voluminous groan issued from it. The men, about to tumble it into the sea, dropped it with a sudden crash.

"I will not be cast overboard like this. Carry me to the friends who wait for me! I implore it—I command it!"

These words, clear and infinitely plaintive, came from the box on which all our eyes were fixed. From two or three of those assembled broke a horrified cry. For myself, I clutched the arm of Guigean in an agony of affright. But he almost shook my grasp away and hurried to the captain.

I staggered backward. Through the bewilderment of my horror I next recall seeing the captain's white face glistening with sweat, while some one (a sailor, doubtless) rained ax-strokes upon the wooden box. . . . Presently I reeled forward again. Everybody was peering into the shattered coffer, and I peered likewise. Some one had brought a lantern, and its rays fell full upon the woman within. The doctor of the ship had either been swiftly called, or else he had stood among us all the time. He raised in his arms the prone shape. Its eyes were closed; its limbs were stiff. The face, if marble sculpture, could not have been deathlier.

And yet . . . she had spoken! It must have been she, for we had all heard her. The doctor parted from her breast the garments which clothed it, and rested his ear against her heart. "Dead—absolutely dead," he muttered. "Not a sign of life—not the faintest sign."

The captain now seemed terribly agitated. I saw him wave his hands to the sailors in a certain feeble yet ordering way. Soon the aperture in the trawling was closed again. "There will be no burial—they will take her to Glasgow," I heard somebody say.

Giddy and faint, I passed upstairs and gained the higher deck. There I sank, as it happened, upon the very seat which she had occupied for so many hours.

"How unutterably strange!" I said to myself. "And we poor mortals dare to scoff at the life beyond death! Shall I ever doubt it again? Shall I ever dare to believe that only here and now lie the limits of spiritual existence?" . . . For a long time, perhaps, I sat there, meditative, appalled.

"Ah," said a voice in the dimness, "I've found you at last." And Monsieur Guigean seated himself beside me.

"The doctor still persists that she is dead?" I questioned.

"Oh, he long ago gave that up. Preparations for embalment are being made."

"For several minutes I did not answer. Then: 'What a frightful thing!' I exclaimed."

In the starlight I saw his genial smile. "Why so frightful?"

"Its mystery—its ghastly mystery!"

"But an inhuman act was averted by it."

"Yes," I said, with a shiver, "the poor lady saved herself, as it were, in the nick of time."

He drew a little near to me. "Did she save herself?"

I turned, and sweepingly glimpsed his profile, in the vagueness.

"Do you mean—?" There I stopped short.

He wheeled full upon me, with a mellow laugh.

"Can you keep a secret?"

"I . . . can; yes."

"Will you?"

I hesitated. Like a light seen at the end of a long, strait passageway, crept into my spirit some glimmering premonition of the truth. "Who are you?" I broke out.

"Not Guigean," he said. "There were reasons for my booking to Glasgow *en cachette*—reasons trivial enough to others, but to me momentous." Then he named another name—his actual own.

I sprang to my feet. That chill fog of the Supernatural, which had suffocatingly enwrapped me, vanished in a trice.

He had declared himself a ventriloquist famed in two continents. Everything was explained.

THE MUSE AND THE GARDENER.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

THERE is within twelve miles of London a town called Twickenham, not unknown to fame. It lies on the banks of the Thames, and the great city has not yet grown so far as to intrude its roar into the hawthorn-hedged and elm-shaded streets in which its inhabitants seclude themselves. The little village has its dozen or more tradesmen who supply the limited wants of the neighborhood; there is an old churchyard, with headstones dating back into a mossy English antiquity; and there is a ferry, with a boathouse near by, whose proprietor will supply you with one of those wherries in which Thames watermen learn whatever anybody can know about watermanship. A mile or so above the ferry is a villa, once the abode of the only English Pope, whose spirit yet rules us from its urn; and which later was occupied by the renowned editor of London "Truth." Further yet the traveler comes in sight of a large and fantastic edifice, towered and castellated, built over a century since by Horace Walpole as his ideal of what a country seat should be; and, after his departure to a house not made with hands, purchased by the scarcely less well-known Lady Waldegrave, of romantic history, who there entertained innumerable notable guests. Going down river, in the opposite direction, one arrives at Richmond, with its hill and bridge, its Elizabethan brick houses and its Maid-of-Honor cakes. The entire region is delightful, and so neighborly to London that one gets whatever is really worth having in the latter, without its dismal drawbacks in the way of soot and peaspout fog.

In common with Lady Waldegrave, Pope, Labouchere, Horace Walpole, and perhaps other great people, I who write this once lived in Twickenham. As may have been gathered from what has been stated, Twickenham is a good place to walk about in, and away from; and I was fond of walking. In some of my expeditions I used to pass through Strawberry Hill (as that side of Twickenham where Walpole's castle stands is called) and often observed a certain high brick wall surrounding (if I remember right) a triangular bit of ground and a house thereto appertaining. What sort of a garden the inclosure contained I could not tell, for nothing of the interior was visible from the road. The house looked a pleasant but in no respect remarkable country house; it was always quiet, and I never saw a sign of its occupants. So I would pass along, on my way to Richmond Park, or Kingston, or whatever other place happened to be my destination for the day, and think no more about it.

Now at this period I was a writer of novels, and also a reader of the then current fiction; a perilous practice, which I do not recommend to students of the art. There are, however, or were, exceptional books which instead of distracting the reader, and making him think that the best writing is so nearly like the worst that there is no use in attempting to achieve the former, inspire him with new and original ideas, and nerve his pen to outdo itself. They are, as the critical phrase has it, books of creative imagination; or, more briefly, Literature. Conspicuous among these was a series of stories some of whose titles were "Lorna Doone," "Cripples the Carrier," and "Alice Lorraine." They portrayed nature as she has seldom been portrayed, with a loving and minute truth and art that opened one's eyes and heart at the same time. The human figures in the stories were full of pith, humor, nobility, charm and force; the heroines were ravishingly lovely, the heroes heroic, and the villains all that picturesque and tremendous villainy can be. "Novels are after all worth writing," thought I, as I turned page after page with unabated zest; and I wished that Heaven had made me such a man as their author for a next-door neighbor.

In the literary and artistic society which it was at that epoch my fortune to frequent, I often mentioned this writer's name; and one day I heard some one say, "Why, he lives at Strawberry Hill!" Did he, indeed? Upon this hint I made investigations; and at last they were rewarded by the discovery that the man of my admiration lived not elsewhere than in that same quiet and walled-in structure which I had so often passed unknowing by in my walks. My aspiration had been fulfilled. Fate had given me the neighbor of my desire, and it only remained to call and make his acquaintance.

In this reportorial age it may perhaps seem inconceivable that I should have found any difficulty in carrying this simple programme into execution. It was a fifteen minutes' walk from my house to his; I would knock at the door, state my name and errand, and there I should be. That is the way I looked at the enterprise myself; and on the first afternoon when it did not rain too much, I set out to accomplish it. All went well until I arrived within sight of the high brick wall; and then, thought I to myself, I won't go in to-day; it would be better to send a line heralding my coming; I might chance to find him absent, or engaged. I'll write him a note to-morrow asking for an appointment, and then all will go easily. So I kept on down the road, with just a glance at the roof and upper windows of the home of my Admiration, and swung into the path that follows the windings of the river, till I came out at Richmond Bridge; thence, after ascending the steps, I took my way home again, and made evasive replies to the questions asked me as to how I had got on with Mr. Blackmore.

The fact is, I was shy. I had not at that period made so enormous a name in literature as to assure me that Mr. Blackmore would be anxious to see me on my own account, and, since he was presumably well-read, I feared there was small chance of his mistaking me (as so many innocent persons have since done) for the author of "The Scarlet Letter." On the other hand, I dreaded lest my eloquence might fail me when I came to talk to him about his own productions; what more likely than that I might chance to say the wrong thing, or the right thing in the wrong way? Besides, I was a great deal younger than he was, and there is apt to be an incompatibility between age and youth—at least, so I thought then. Their minds start from different points and do not move in like directions. I wanted to meditate upon these things, and shape my course upon revised conclusions,

I did not write my letter the next day; I thought about writing it. I could not hit just the vein that seemed to me apposite. "I have admired your books; therefore I want to see you." That was the gist of the situation; and yet, when I came to look into it, there appeared to be a non-sequitur. No doubt people do approach authors on that basis; but why? A man is not his books; he puts his best possibility, not himself, into them; it should follow that in an interview only the man, and not the author, will appear. Do I expect a man to be better than his books?—That would be to deny the truth of inspiration. Do I expect him to be worse?—Then why seek him? Perhaps I meant to ask him what his method was, so that I might adopt the same?—No; he might give me the answer of the painter to the inquiry, What he mixed his paints with? Moreover, even though I should turn out as great a writer as Blackmore, I never should produce "Lorna Doones." Would it not be the part of prudence, then, to let him alone?

Such arguments are plausible, if not unanswerable; but the truth is, they seldom have any practical effect. We want to see great men, because we can't help it, not because we can give any reason for it, or that it does him or us any good. It may be sheer vulgar curiosity; it may be human nature; it may be the working of a certain divine hope within us that some miracle will be wrought and that the man will endow us with a gift greater than any he has skill or impulse to bestow upon the general public. I knew beforehand, in my heart, that I should end by calling on Blackmore; but I put myself off with various subterfuges, until I should have had time to screw my courage up.

Meanwhile I learned that he was by trade a market-gardener, and was reputed to put at least as much time and earnestness into that pursuit as into literature. He cultivated the muse, not upon a little oatmeal, but upon cabbages and onions. He was accustomed, rumor affirmed, to himself mount his wagon and drive into Covent Garden Market before dawn, and bargain with the buyers there. Again it was said that he avoided society, and that there was something queer about him.

This was discouraging news; but discouragement sometimes stimulates courage. If the adventure were more than common hazardous, there was an additional and definite motive for undertaking it. That was the principle that ruled in knight-errantry. I sat down and scratched off a note containing I know not what, and then awaited developments.

Before any others occurred, I perceived that it was a mistake to write; it took all the spontaneity out of the thing, and in such a thing spontaneity is everything. But after a day or two I got an answer, written in a minute, slender hand, intimating that Mr. Blackmore would be happy to receive me any afternoon. It was writ in blue ink on a fold of paper about three inches by two, and had nothing about it reminiscent of "Lorna Doone."

However, I was in for it, and must on! Yet, once more, I delayed; the weather, or something, was unfavorable. Really, I did not want to go any more. But the cause of common courtesy was now at stake; I desperately put on my hat and set forth for Strawberry Hill. I knocked at the door with a heart foreboding ill. I was admitted, and walked into a sitting-room. In a minute or two Mr. Blackmore came in.

He was a man of good height, and weight in proportion. He seemed to me to be about sixty years of age; my ideas of age have been revised since then; he could not have been nearly so much. Indeed, as a matter of mere statistics, he was fifty-two. His face was oblong, and not fleshy; it was shaven, but he had allowed the beard to grow on his neck, so that it made a kind of gray ruff round the margin of his jaw, after the style made familiar to us by our own Horace Greeley. The hair on his head was thin. His eyes were gray, and keen, but not large. His mouth was straight and his upper-lip rather long. His manner was cold, and somewhat rigid; he lacked social facility. There was a slight awkwardness in his movements. He did not look like an author—whatever that may mean. He did look, I thought, a good deal like one's idea of a Scotch gardener. His hands were strong and brown, and his complexion showed that he was an outdoor man. He spoke with a kind of difficulty or reluctance, as if speech were not customary with him; but what he said was terse and pointed, and showed the signs of University training. (He was an Oxford man.) There was absolute simplicity in his aspect and words, and though he looked stern, I soon perceived that he was only shy. He did not know what under the heavens to say to me, and he was nervously apprehensive as to what I might say to him. And though I remember all the above details vividly, I cannot recollect the course of the conversation. I wanted to talk about literature, but I think I began upon market-gardening, trying to throw as much appearance of interest as I could into a topic of which I knew nothing and cared as much. The subject led to nothing; I dragged in another by the head and ears. He answered me, concisely and courteously, but he made no attempt to originate anything. Our communion produced no more fruit than might have been gathered from any bit of chance dialogue with a stranger in a railway carriage.

At last I boldly asked him whether he was writing anything. He said, "No, there seems to be no call for what I write at present. People don't care for long stories. Now, if I could produce short tales, I might dispose of any number of them; but I have never been able to produce that kind of work. I am not writing anything now."

This was actually the sum of our literary converse. There was no rejoinder that I could make. I could not tell him that he was mistaken—that he had only to go on writing "Lorna Doones," and the publishers and the public would devour them. He would point to his publishers' accounts and refute me. I could not say that, whether his books were in demand or not, at any rate they deserved to be; what right had I to set my individual opinion against the logic of facts? Moreover, his cold statement of the case, and acceptance of it, chilled me. He had not betrayed any enthusiasm for literature; he had not said that it was its own exceeding great reward, though the assertion would have fallen upon willing ears; for if literature were not that, Heaven knows what I was cultivating it for! He simply made the statement, with more than English

indifference and reserve, and let it go. He was not really indifferent, but he was too shy to say what was in his heart, and I was too great a nincompoop to know how to draw it out thence.

There follows another gap in my memory. Then, apropos of something, he asked me whether I played chess? I replied that I had never been able to make anything whatever of the game. He rejoined that he was himself very fond of it. This revelation, I believe, terminated the interview. I wished with all my heart that I had been a first-rate chess-player, for then I might have hoped to become intimate with Mr. Blackmore; but I was not guilty of the inanity of saying so. When I got up to go, he expressed the polite wish that I would call again. I thanked him, but of course I never did call again. Why should I? Where I had failed so dismally once, I should always fail. And yet I knew, as surely as I knew anything, that there were a hundred things which we loved in common, the discussion of which would have led us to love each other. Indeed, outer appearances to the contrary notwithstanding, I loved the man as soon as I saw him, and longed to convey the fact to him. But I didn't know how. I lacked the poise—the audacity. Needless to say, he never could have read anything of mine, nor had I ever written anything that I should have thought good enough to submit to him. Perhaps he was sorry that he had not, inasmuch as that might have paved the way to express some of the kindness that was no doubt within him; but these things could not be explained: he had little more *savoir-faire* than I. We shook hands and parted.

I saw him once more, at a Lord Mayor's dinner, where, in the presence of a vast assemblage, he was called on to respond to a toast. With a look of acute suffering, stoically borne, he got on his feet, said a few words of awkward thanks and apologies in a voice unnecessarily distinct and emphatic, and then dropped back into his seat, wishing that the earth would swallow him. I knew the feeling; my heart bled for him. But he was too far off for me to tell him so; he did not know that I was present.

It was some years later that he published "Mary Anerly." I was so enchanted with this story that I was moved to sit down and write him what I felt about it. Then, quite beyond my expectation, came a little note from him, thanking me and adding a few sentences so kind and lovely that I can never forget them. He could not have spoken them, but he could write them, and, bless his heart, he did! And that was the last of my personal connection with Richard Blackmore.

He was a great novelist, and a mystery. I have never met with or heard of anybody who knew him intimately. Yet he was a man of the tenderest and subtlest human sympathies; he saw deep into the human heart, and none of the beauties and rarities of nature escaped him. I now remember that he spoke of Thomas Hardy as the contemporary novelist whom he most admired; but he said that his last book—"The Hand of Ethelberta!" I think it was—was in quite a wrong vein, and that he ought to return to his former manner. "He doesn't use simple expressions, as he used to; he gets strange words and conceits." Blackmore loved the truth and decency of nature so much that he could not bear to have his favorite fellow-craftsman deficient in due reverence toward the same. It could not have been easy for a man so reserved to address remonstrances on so delicate a subject to an eminent contemporary; but "I have spoken to him about it," he said. Is it not singular that a man of this genius and caliber should remain during all his career so much apart from his fellows, and from the world at large? Was he more communicative with the men of Covent Garden? How could he who knew and saw so much be so restricted in his personal intercourse with people? Did he wish to mingle with them, and yet for some cause shrink from doing so? and did this very shrinking sharpen his insight? He was too modest ever to be brought to understand that whether or not he lost anything by his retirement from the world, at all events the world lost a great deal in losing him. He was too genuine an artist ever to confound his art with himself. Could it have been demonstrated to him that he had done anything well he would have replied, "So much the less in comparison am I."

Blackmore's tale of years now passes threescore and ten; he has not published anything lately; it may be that he thinks his work is done. His books are few, but they have their distinct place, and cannot be spared from his country's literature. But what a book—how simple and yet how deeply impressive and instructive—would be the story of his own inner life! No one, I think, knows that story but himself; and therefore it will never be told.

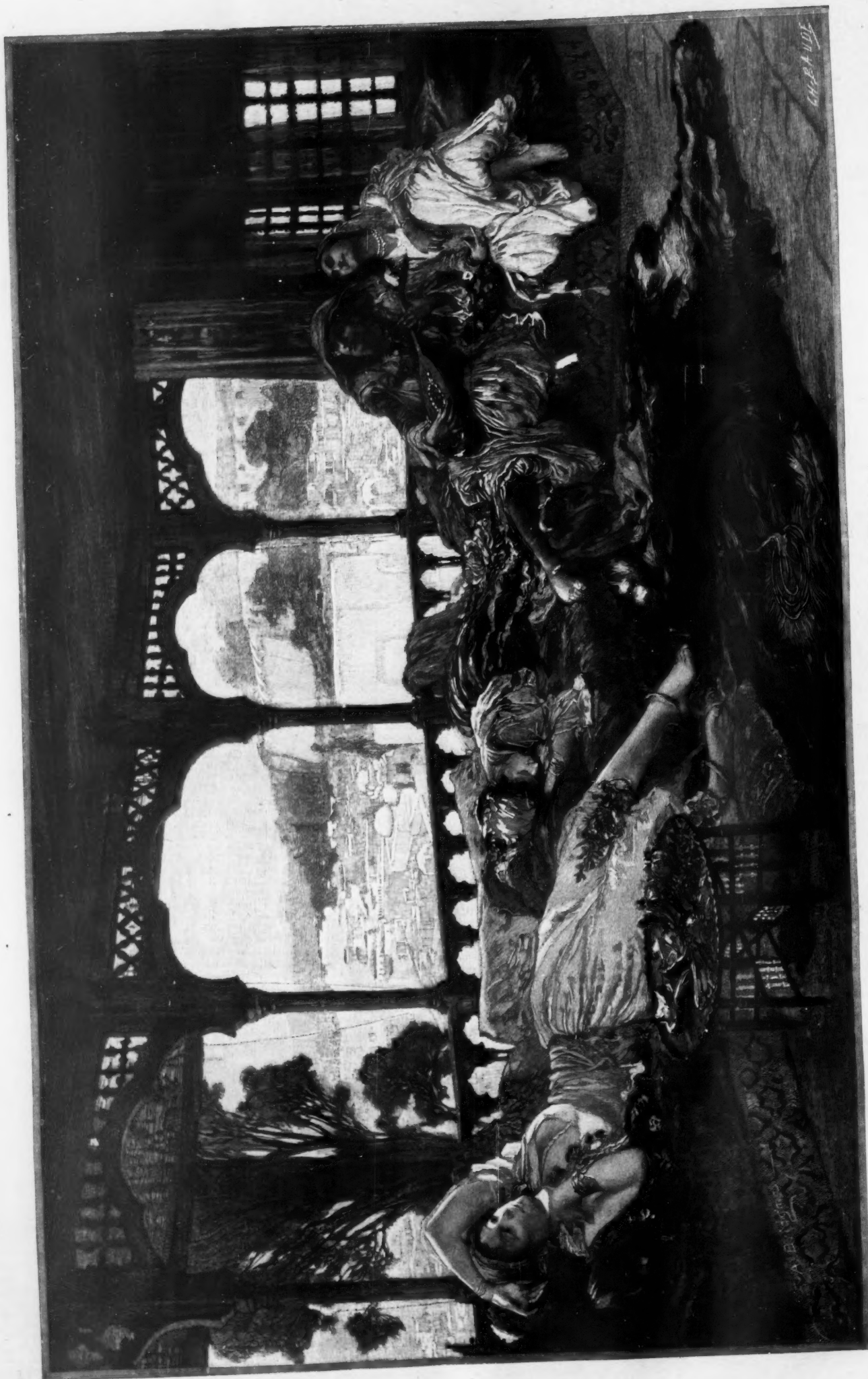
A PECULIAR court case relating to religion is reported from Massachusetts, where the Superior Court has been asked to decide whether Theosophy is or is not religion. The case came up through the New England Theosophical Society protesting against the payment of taxes on its property, declaring that it is a religious organization. The question was quite knotty for the judge before whom it came, but he decided that Theosophy is not religion, so the Society has appealed to the full bench. The decision will be awaited with curiosity by many persons aside from the protesting property owners, for the community at large is all at sea on the subject, and many Theosophists who have been appealed to seem to be vague and uncertain about it and to vary quite as widely in opinion as in personality.

Physician—"Yes, madam, I have examined your husband. All he needs is fresh air and exercise."

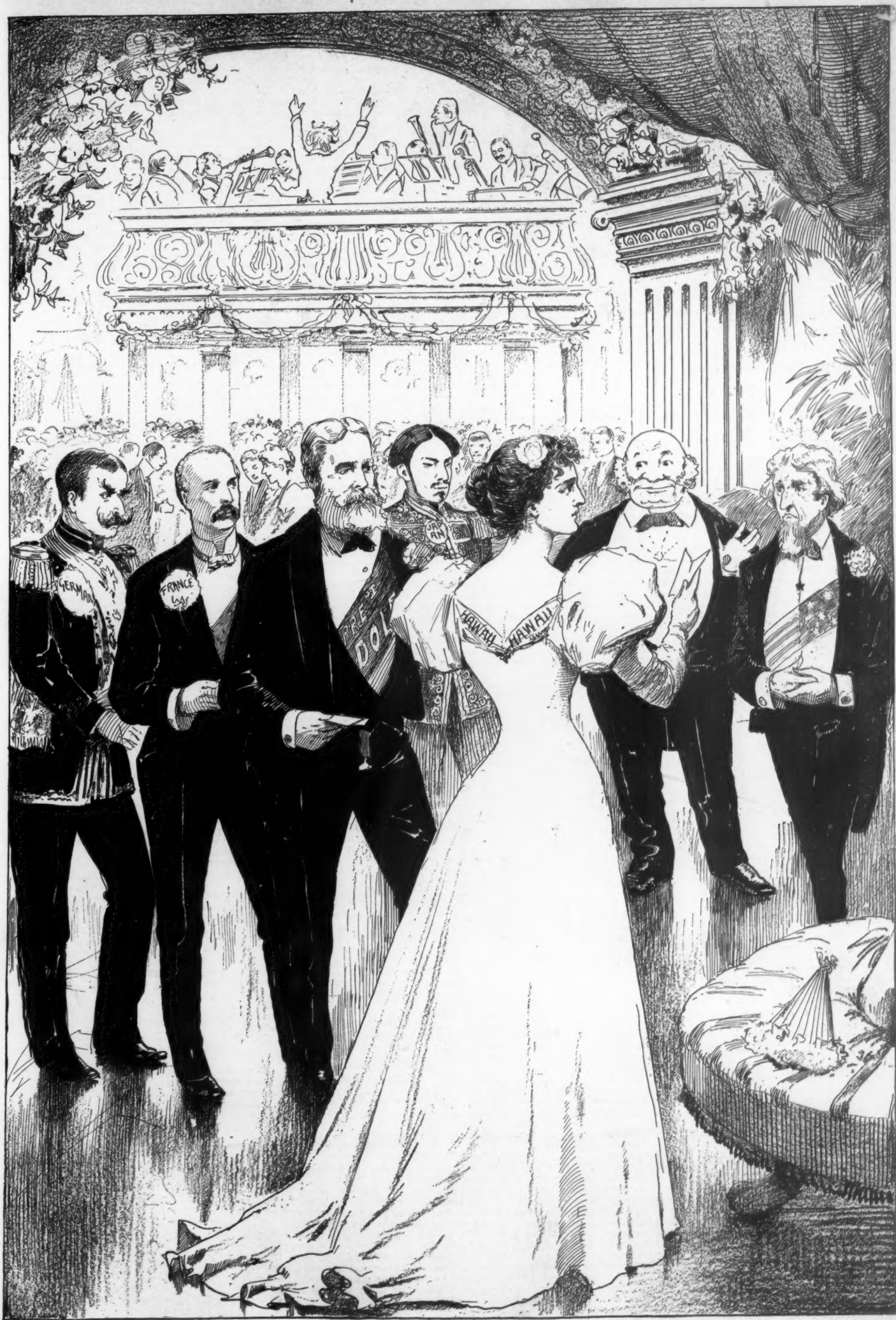
Caller—"Oh, dear! He never will take exercise, and I know there is no use urging him to. What shall I do?"

Physician—"Move out of town into the suburbs. Get some house that is advertised as 'Five minutes from the station.' He'll have plenty of exercise then, for he'll have to tramp for a few miles every day or miss his train."

SET of 12 Portfolios, 16 full page photos each 13½ x 11, 192 pages in all, subject, "Beautiful Paris," edition cost \$100,000, given absolutely free with beautiful case, by Dobbins Soap Mfg. Co., Philadelphia, Pa., to their customers. Write for particulars.



"EVENING."—FROM THE PAINTING BY F. A. BRIDGMAN.



WHICH ONE WILL ANNEX HAWAII?

Miss Hawaii (to President Dole)—"WHY DOESN'T THE AMERICAN GENTLEMAN SPEAK UP?"
 President Dole—"THERE ARE OTHERS!"

Be sure you get Pears.



There's a reason for the brightness That this charming maid displays. And she makes no secret of it With her pretty winning ways.

It's a pleasant she's fond of As she throws the soap-ment up. "Good Morning!" cries she gaily. "Have you also used Pears' Soap?"

Pears' Soap is the best means of beautifying the skin and rendering it clear and transparent. 20 International Awards. Established over 100 years. All sorts of stores sell it—especially druggists; all sorts of people use it. There are soaps offered as substitutes which are dangerous—he sure you get

Pears' Soap.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

A PARIS BEREFT OF HER SPRING.

THIS year a strange disaster has befallen Paris. She has had no spring. Her trees and grasses have come forth to meet it, but it has not answered their appeal. For days her skies have been a wintry zinc, melting now and then, yet not with sunshine, only with chill, torrential rains. Her sweet May showers have been chilling deluges; her lovely arches of azure air have been haunts of savage gusts. People take her open cabs only to shiver and sneeze as their brisk little horses dash through freezing side-streets, and big avenues where Boreas reigns morose. Buyers are infrequent at the double rows of bright and fragrant booths in the flower-markets of the *Place de la Madeleine*. The foliage on the boulevards glares at one with raw emerald violence below these drab and savage heavens. Their short sprays have the effect of a surprised arrest given them by the unwelcome weather. They seem to tell you that their fronds by now should be in full vernal thrift, but that, alas, there is no conciliating this irresponsible sun, who is *en retraite*, who has gone away among Lenten clouds, though Easter has long since departed, and his luminous caresses have become a matter-of-course. Everybody in town, moreover, has a bad cold, for the Parisian despises overshoes as much as the Londoner, and you can see delicate feminine feet picking their dainty way along drenched pavements under bedraggled skirts. Yesterday I went by train to Versailles, and for a wonder the welkin was not lachrymose. But Versailles, that unique miniature Paris, looked as melancholy as her neighboring mother. I breakfasted infamously at a *café* near the station (one can never do anything but breakfast infamously at Versailles, as I have before discovered), and then betook myself to the mighty and suggestive old palace with its adorable gardens. The last time I had been there it was an autumn day of rare blandness. You glanced upward and saw a sky of velvet, drowsily blue. Yesterday I glanced upward and gave my forgotten umbrella a friendly clutch. Still, as you moved through the enormous halls of the palace, you gained from its windows incomparable views. Only on Sundays and *fête* days can Versailles lose its matchless historic charm. I have seen it, however, when great throngs were present, and even then the atmosphere of its magnificent past was not dispelled. Yesterday, with only a few strollers among the outward terraces and interior galleries, it impressed me with the still more vivid conviction that it is altogether the most stupendously national relic in Europe. That kinliest of all kings, the Fourteenth Louis, whom about twenty of the haughtiest nobles in France here assisted to bed, and whom as many more assisted in the making of his toilet and the consumption of his breakfast, has left about the entire superb domain an unbanishable fragrance. All sense of his absurd and odious autocracy has departed, now, and nothing except a sort of pungent picturesqueness remains. "*L'état, c'est moi*," that almost idiot note of monarchical vanity, which once echoed through Europe, is no more aggressive to-day than the silvery pipings of birds among the boskage of stunted alleys and fountains courts. You forget Louis le Grand as cruel, sensual, and infinitely conceited. On the polished floors of his colossal palace you only hear the ghostly tinkle of his red-heeled shoes, and below ceilings opulently gilded and frescoed you espy only spectral glimmers of his laces and brocades. There is a faint *frou-frou*, also, if your ear is keen enough to catch it—the rustle of La Vallière's costly vestments, perhaps, or of Madame de Maintenon's plainer ones. Yes, all has become dominantly artistic, now. The terrible passions and luxuries whose theater was this beautiful, deserted place, are now but fitting subjects for palette and brush. History has crystallized them into the monumental, the pictorial, the serene. But, more than this, France has managed, with consummate yet delightful effrontery, to make Versailles, of all her like possessions, evidence most augustly her genius for patriotism. Canvas after canvas lines the imperial walls of this palace, painted sometimes wondrously well by Horace Vernet or by David, and sometimes but indifferently by a legion of less potent hands. But always the *gloire* of France is portrayed, never her failure or defeat. Immense space is given to Napoleon's victories—Austerlitz, Wagram, Eylau, Jena, and many

another. But there is no Waterloo; nor, for that matter, is there any Sedan. You move from hall to hall, and nothing but French valor, grandeur and dignity confronts you. And yet here, in these very chambers, about five-and-twenty years ago, not only did the conquering Germans presume to set their feet, but to proclaim their king, William of Prussia, Emperor of Germany—an act which in itself was a sort of majestic vengeance.

Still, Versailles was also the headquarters of the French army during the Commune, and after peace returned it became the seat of the National Assembly and government for fully nine years; and yet of these occupations, also, its whole proud and delightful little territory gives no sign. But even its Bonapartist souvenirs cannot prevent it from continuing wholly Bourbon. The shades of Dubarry and Pompadour haunt it, no less than do those of Montespan. And then the Petit Trianon, with its pathetic memories of Marie Antoinette! If ever the royalty of any land found a symbolic sepulcher, the Bourbons have found one in Versailles. To pass through those lordly *salons*, to wander among those murmuring groves—what is it but to feel one's self pierced by the sins and follies and calamities of kings? Their tombs are not here, but their presences bide inalienable. Versailles meant the awful Revolution of '93, but it also means the France of a century later. . . . I could not but feel this fact with intensest keenness to-day, as I watched the funeral of the Duc d'Aumale. That great, gray, Parthenon-like structure, the church of *St. Madeleine*, was draped with hangings of black and silver, surmounted in repetitions of blazonry by the royal arms of France. The obsequies, in a certain way, were impressive. A vast quantity of flowers, a host of princely mourners, and all "the long retinue following death," served to make it so. There were soldiers, too, both mounted and on foot—doubtless alone belonging to that regiment of which the Duc was honorary Colonel, since the Republic could not with any shadow of consistency allow military honors to one whose very name and rank were its menace. As I have said, it was all impressive; but then even the simplest funeral in Paris is that. A poor girl, aged nineteen, died two days ago from injuries received at the dreadful Charity Bazaar fire. She had lingered on in suffering ever since that lamentable Fourth of May. Her mother and her elder sister had been brought as charred corpses to her home, and had, of course, been buried days previously. Her funeral, too, was impressive; for relatives and friends of those who die here always walk to the cemetery behind the hearse, and in the empty carriages which come afterward there is an irresistibly sweet suggestion of self-surrendering sympathy and pain.

But the Duc d'Aumale's burial, I could not help reflecting, was merely, after all, the palest phantom of what many and many of his ancestors had received, here in this same city, so far as concerned exequial parade and pomp. From the civic point of view he was not even a Duc at all, but merely a citizen who had died on his Sicilian estates and whose remains had been brought here for interment in their native soil. Nevertheless, there are thousands in France and throughout Europe who will not for an instant abate their stubborn and passionate allegiance to that justly ridiculed and clearly ridiculous idea, "the divine right of kings." As it happened, this dead gentleman chanced to have been a man of considerable intellect and no little moral worth. But if he had been a stupid old nonentity, like his near kinsman, the Comte de Chambord, or if he had been a bad and profligate person, like not a few of his predecessors, it would have mattered nothing. Every court on the continent would have worn mourning for him, and princes and princesses of the *sang azur* would have flocked, just as now, to his coffin.

But I am forgetting my chief subject, this execrable Parisian spring, though it did not, as one might say, forget the poor old Duc d'Aumale. An hour or two before his funeral it suddenly forgot that it had for days been forcing us to light fires in our bedrooms, and resolved to become deplorably hot. It empurpled its skies once more, and improvised an irascible thunderstorm, with fresh furies of rain. This manifestation, which no doubt accompanied the Duc half way on his final mortuary journey to Dreux, was the only untried meteorological whim of which the present spring in Paris could probably bethink itself. We have had everything, of late, except a typical American July thunderstorm. No; I forget. There has thus far been no American blizzard. But that, perhaps, is being reserved for the last two weeks in May, or the initial one of June.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

Paris, May 17.

THE BITTERNESS OF DEATH.

BY AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON.

THE sun was at its height, burning, a great yellow disk, in the blue heavens. The gray towers of Oxford, picked out vividly from against the golden glory beyond, smiled in somber sadness on the passers-by; and ever and anon from some part of the city the great voice of a bell rang out, sometimes triumphant, sometimes desponding.

A young girl lay on her bed and listened.

The blinds of her room were drawn and the windows shut; a long stiff row of medicine bottles looked down at her from the mantel, and a motley group stood on the wicker-table by the bedside. Outside on the roadway there was a layer of dusty straw; and in the next chamber the doctor's soft monotonous tones filtered lazily through the air, broken occasionally by the nurse's careful whisper.

A big blue-bottle fly began to buzz fitfully 'twixt the blind and window-pane. The sick girl almost laughed; it reminded her of the man in the next room. She wondered whether it doctored the other flies; perhaps it was on its way to a patient.

The whimsical fancy grew on her. She raised herself weakly on one elbow and began to wriggle her limbs free of the bedclothes. Then a fit of coughing seized her; she sat on the edge of the bed, her feet dangling, and pressed her lips against the counterpane to deaden the sound. A little crimson stream soaked languorously into the soft surface and dyed it a bril-

liant scarlet, leaving a thin trail behind it from one side of the mouth downward; but she did not notice.

She drew herself together with a shiver, and crawled feebly to the window. With all her strength she pushed at the wooden framework, her breath coming and going quickly, but it would not move; the big blue-bottle fly, frightened, flew out from the crumpled blind and far into the room.

She crept back to bed.

The voices in the next room had ceased; the bell of a neighboring church began to toll slowly, solemnly, and she shivered again.

"To die, to die—and be buried!"—the words broke from her in a feeble wail—"to die!"

And she was so young; and outside the sun was shining; . . . and Death was so cold, so cold.

Her mother came into the room. Her eyes were red with weeping, but she forced her lips to smile.

But the girl cried out against it: "I am young to die!" Her breath came in little gasps.

The elder woman smiled again. "No; you are better—much better, darling."

The girl looked at her with half-shut, skeptical eyes. The blue-bottle had alighted on the counterpane; she brushed it ruthlessly away; then she pushed her two arms deep down under the bedclothes. "What an ugly dress!" she said, irritably. "And I am getting better! You must wear pretty frocks, mamma, now that I will soon be well; put on the red one with the lace—the new red one—and a rose in your hair."

The poor mother shook her head.

"Now you are going to cry—because I am getting better!" She began to cough.

But the paroxysm was soon over; and the bells, too, stopped tolling. "I like pretty frocks," said the sick girl.

Her mother went away to array herself.

"And I am going to die!" The girl looked with wide-open eyes into the semi-darkness of the room, then put her thin hand against her cheek to feel if it were growing cold. Then she fell to counting the medicine bottles and afterward to watching a thin little gleam of sunlight that had slipped in from under the blind.

Presently she became aware that some one had entered the room. She looked up.

A new doctor," she thought.

He was an old man with gray hair and a long white beard. He looked at her so kindly that the tears came into her eyes. Then he pushed the hair back from her brow, and she felt a delicious thrill run through her.

"I am getting better!" she cried.

He only smiled; but such a beautiful smile; it rippled all over her like a shower of sunshine.

"How softly you came in," she said.

He smiled again.

"And you are the new doctor?" She leaned luxuriously back among her pillows. The whole room was full of sunshine now; it was because he had smiled twice. But it did not try her eyes at all; she had never felt sunshine like this before.

She felt sleepy, but she wanted to keep on talking to this man with the kind eyes.

"Do you want to feel my pulse?" she asked. She held up a thin blue-veined wrist. "And will you be able to make me quite well again?"

But he only smiled again, and nodded. Then a strange sweet scent began to fill the room, and a soft whirring noise like the opening of thousands of flowers.

The sick girl half turned in her bed. "What is it?" she asked, wonderingly.

"The lilies of the Valley," said the new Doctor, and at the sound of his voice she felt happier than she had ever felt in her life.

"Do you know, I felt frightened before you came in," she said, with a soft little laugh. "And now—if you were to hold my hand—I don't think I could be afraid of anything—even of Death himself."

Then the new Doctor leaned over and took both her hands in his. His touch was so big and loving and gracious that her heart leaped for very joy. "Dear child, I am Death," he said; and he looked into her eyes.

She felt that she had never loved any one so much before; and she wanted to fall asleep at once. She knew that this sleep would be the most beautiful in the whole world, for she would dream the dreams his kind eyes whispered about. "They were all wrong," she murmured; she was thinking of the bells.

Then she looked toward the bottom of her bed, and there were three great white lilies growing there, tall and graceful, and shining like stars.

Death plucked them.

He laid one at her feet. It was as soft as a dove's breast. The sick girl put her hand down that she might touch it.

He laid one on her heart. Its perfume rose up to her and she nestled closer to her pillows; she felt that it, too, was a dream to be dreamed when she was asleep.

He laid one on her lips; and they smiled.

But there were none for her hands, for those he took between his own.

And the lily at her feet pressed against them, and she felt herself rising . . . rising . . . slowly; and the lily on her heart whispered, and that on her lips began to sing.

A little round wet tear fell on her face. "How funny to cry when one is asleep!" she thought. She did not know that it was not her own.

Then she began to dream.

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A NEW SIAMESE RAILWAY.

Before starting on his European tour the King of Siam performed the ceremony of opening the first section of the Korat Railway which has recently been completed between Bangkok and Ayutthia. As Prince Bidyalabh, Minister of Works, explained in his address to the King, some nine years ago an agreement with an English firm of contractors was made for the surveying and preparing plans and estimates for the construction of railway lines between Bangkok and the North Provinces of the kingdom, and between Bangkok and the Mekong Valley to the east, taking Korat, the old Magara Rajasima, as the preliminary terminus of the eastern branch. The first sod of the Korat Railway was cut by the King in March, 1892, and the first section—that is as far as Ayutthia—measures about four and a half miles. The opening of this section by the King and Queen was made the occasion of much pomp and ceremony. Bangkok was crowded, and there was a lavish display of decorations. On their arrival at the Bangkok terminus the King and Queen proceeded to the royal pavilion which had been erected. There the King lighted the candles on the altar, and having bowed to the priests, proceeded to the rails to fit the spikes and bolts. As his Majesty began to drive the spikes the priests chanted the prayers usually recited at State ceremonies. The King drove in two spikes and fastened bolts at the end of the rails, using for the purpose a gold hammer with an ivory handle and a gold spanner with a handle covered with velvet. The Queen then went to the other end of the rail, and was also handed a set of implements, which she used. The royal party returned to the pavilion, where addresses were delivered. Afterward the whole Court and about a hundred guests went by train to Bangpian, where lunch was served on the platform, and thence to Ayutthia. The contractor of the railway is Mr. G. Murray Campbell, and the Mr. Bock shown in the photograph is one of the engineers of the Railway Department.

VOLO AND VELESTINO.

The Greeks fought stubbornly at Velestino before they retreated. Indeed, they more than held their own in two encounters. In the unsuccessful attempt which the Turks made to recapture the two hills to the east of the village of Rizomalo, the infantry charge was made simultaneously with the cavalry charge, which ended disastrously for the Turks, and it was attended with no more success. In spite of the heavy losses from the steady fire of the Greeks, the Turks struggled bravely on, and one of them actually fell dead right on the Greek lines.

As soon as the retreat of the Greek army began at Volo orders were given that the wounded at Volo should be carried down to the quay to be embarked on the ambulance boat "Thessaly" or on the passenger boat "Albania." The "Thessaly" was brought alongside the quay, and was soon filled. The "Albania," however, could not be brought up to the quay, and the wounded had to be taken out to her in boats, which were towed out by steam launches.

THE ENGLISH IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Mr. Selous, the great African hunter and pioneer, who has just returned to England from a visit to Asia Minor, makes some interesting statements in an interview published in London. He does not, he says, believe in the establishment of British supremacy in South Africa by force, but holds that the conquest of the Boers by a British force would ultimately lead to the overthrow of British supremacy. It would take an army of forty or fifty thousand men to conquer the thirty thousand well-armed and stubborn Dutchmen who would take up arms in case of war. No matter what the rights or wrongs of the question might be, Mr. Selous thinks that the sympathies of all the men of Dutch race throughout South Africa would be with their blood relations. Hence, if England won, she would have another war of independence ten years hence. In Mr. Selous's opinion, the only way to secure English supremacy is to send out families of English emigrants to Rhodesia. These, like the families actually sent out in 1820, would become the parents of loyal communities. There is, no doubt, a great deal of truth in what Mr. Selous says, and most Englishmen dread as much as he does the effects of even a successful war in which

the Dutch were on one side and the English on the other.

In reply to these views the London "Spectator" says: "We do not believe that the men of Dutch race would be all against us if we were forced into a just war to uphold the Convention, and we entirely refuse to believe that the government contemplate an unjust or aggressive war. They know that such a war, as Mr. Balfour said, would be a party disaster. Mr. Selous must not also forget that there is a large stream of English emigration into the Transvaal already, and that it is our business to see that these men have secured to them the rights which are theirs under the Convention." All of which seems to indicate that British public opinion is not friendly toward the Boers of Johannesburg.

GREECE THROUGH BRITISH EYE-GLASSES.

Some information of interest to his countrymen at the present moment in regard to Greece is given by British Consul Maxse in his report for the year 1896. The census of Greece taken last year shows the number of inhabitants to be 2,430,807, an increase of 10.8 per cent in seven years. Athens has a population of 128,000, and the Piræus 39,165. Commercially last year was a prosperous one for manufacturers and merchants, although the exports and imports showed little progress. The imports from Great Britain have considerably diminished in the last twenty years, and are likely, the Consul fears, to suffer still further reduction. The principal causes he assigns for this are those to which Consuls in other places have called attention. He says: "Machinery is being almost entirely imported from Germany, France, and Belgium, and paper of all kinds from Belgium and Germany. At one time these were almost exclusively imported from Great Britain. China, glass, and hardware of all kinds are being imported yearly in larger quantities from Germany, France, and Belgium, although in the best kinds of these articles the English market still retains its supremacy. There are several causes which have led to this untoward result, of which the three principal ones, and in the order named, are cheapness, more liberal terms of credit, and greater suitability to local requirements afforded by foreign firms. A foreign manufacturer can sell an article so closely resembling the British one of the same kind that it would take an expert to detect the difference, and at a price varying from 15 to 50 per cent cheaper than his British colleague can do. Of course, neither the workmanship nor the material is as good," continues Mr. Maxse, characteristically, "but it enables the trader to secure a larger profit, and in most cases the customer would not detect the difference except by experience. Foreign firms are very liberal in their terms of credit to customers. A credit of three or even six months is quite usual even to firms not of the very best standing, whereas British manufacturers (except in the case of well-known firms) demand cash before dispatch or on receipt of bills of lading. Thirdly, a foreign manufacturer will go to considerable expense and trouble to supply an article which will meet local requirements, trusting to the future demand to repay his initial, apparently unprofitable, expenditure. Cases have been brought to my notice in which German manufacturers have expended considerable sums of money merely in experiments, so as to hit upon some cheap article of daily use suitable for the market.

"Our manufacturers, I regret to state, are in most cases unwilling to travel outside the four corners of their printed catalogues, unless an immediate profitable return is practically assured.

"One of the minor reasons for the decrease in British trade is the fact that where one British commercial traveler visits this country ten foreign ones do so. . . . The only other reason worth mentioning which militates against the success of British firms is the fact that of late years their 'packing' as a rule has been very bad. The goods in many cases arrive either damaged in transit or badly 'put up.' More attention might well be paid to this detail.

"I think it would be of considerable benefit if manufacturers would more frequently send samples of their goods suitable for this market."

HITTING BRITISH CAPITAL.

A Pekin correspondent of the London "Times" reported May 15 that Sheng Taji had obtained a loan of four million pounds at four per cent from a Belgian syndicate on the security of railways already built, plus the sole right to build a railway between Pekin and Han-kau. The entire staff and materials were to come from Belgium.

The syndicate was to build, besides the Pekin-Han-kau-Canton line, the Shanghai-Su-chau-Hang-chau line as well as the extension from Shan-hai-kuan to

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Kirin and Mukden, these involving two thousand miles of trunk lines. The scheme was engineered and backed by France from political motives.

The British, American, and German Ministers vigorously protested against the stipulations of the proposed contract as a violation of the most-favored-nation clause. The Tsung-li-Yamen has, therefore, repudiated the monopoly scheme, but has authorized Sheng to sign a private contract with the Belgian syndicate for the construction of a line from Pao-tung-fu to Han-kau. The Belgians are to provide a four million-pound four-per-cent loan at ninety. There is no imperial guarantee, and existing railways are not given as security. Sheng is to provide thirteen million taels. The Chinese are to retain control, but the personnel is to be Belgian. Half the material is to be supplied by China and half by tender from abroad. The syndicate is to receive five per cent commission on all material. At Shanghai it is reported that tenders were accepted recently from Jardine, Matheson & Co. for eleven thousand tons of Sheffield rails, and eight American locomotives have been ordered.

TEA IN FURTHER INDIA.

Prince Henri of Orleans in describing the last stage of his Mekong exploration records some interesting facts concerning Assam tea-growing. There were, three years ago, close on three hundred thousand acres covered with tea-plants. This enormous tract of land was divided into eight hundred and twenty-three estates, employing regularly three hundred thousand laborers, as well as a floating population of a hundred thousand who are called in when necessary. Roughly speaking, ninety-five thousand pounds of tea are the result of all this labor, and at Calcutta excellent Assam tea can be purchased for about seventeen cents a pound, retail price. The French prince was exceedingly struck by the prosperity of Assam. He visited a number of tea plantations, and pays a tribute to the sense and good management with which they were conducted. Each superintendent is paid somewhat over a thousand a year, and two coolies are supposed to be able to look after one acre, while the plant is actually growing. The gathering of the leaves takes place during six months of the year, from March to September, and in good years an acre can yield as much as nine hundred pounds of tea in twelve months.

COLONIES UNDER VICTORIA.

Immense as have been the territorial extensions by Great Britain in the Victorian era, they are less significant than the rapid development of the self-governed colonies. When the Queen came to the throne the whole population of Greater Britain outside the United States did not exceed one million souls. There were under eight hundred thousand in Upper and Lower Canada, less than one hundred thousand in all Australia, and not a quarter of a million in the Cape. New South Wales was, on the Christmas before the Queen's accession, the only self-governed colony in the Eastern Hemisphere. South Australia dates from December 28, 1836; New Zealand from

1840; Victoria from 1851; Queensland from 1859. In the Western Hemisphere a great belt of self-governing commonwealths span the continent. Manitoba was constituted in 1870. British Columbia came in a year later. The Leeward Isles in the West Indies were federated in 1871. The Windward Isles in 1885. The Federation of the Dominion of Canada dates from 1867. The Federation of South Africa might have dated from 1859, but for the policy of English politicians who overruled the instinct of the Queen and the urgent representations of Governor Grey. The greatest administrative change, however, of the reign was the transfer after the Mutiny of the administration of the Indian Empire from the East India Company to the Crown.

THE TEN POUNDS TURNED UP.

The West End Mission in London, on one occasion, was so short of money that the situation became desperate. Price Hughes summoned a colleague to meet him at midnight to pray for one thousand pounds. Price Hughes hoped rather than believed that the prayer was answered. His colleague was full of confidence that they would get the money by the particular day they named. When that day came, and they went to the meeting, they found that in one way and another, and by very extraordinary methods, nine hundred and ninety pounds had been sent in. Mr. Price Hughes says that, as a theologian, he was perplexed. He had asked for one thousand pounds. He could not understand it, and he puzzled a good deal as to why the odd ten pounds had not come to hand. While he was revolving this, on taking off his hat and coat in the hall of his own house, he noticed a letter lying on the table which he had passed as he had left home in a hurry that morning. Taking it up he opened it, and found that it contained the check for ten pounds.

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